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# the Graphic

Sept. 1

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# Spies and Lies

German agents are everywhere, eager to gather scraps of news about our men, our ships, our munitions. It is still possible to get such information through to Germany, where thousands of these fragments—often individually harmless—are patiently pieced together into a whole which spells death to American soldiers and danger to American homes.

But while the enemy is most industrious in trying to collect information, and his systems elaborate, he is *not* superhuman—indeed he is often very stupid, and would fail to get what he wants were it not deliberately handed him by carelessness of loyal Americans.

Do not discuss in public, or with strangers, any news of troop and transport movements, or bits of gossip as to our military preparations, which come into your possession.

Do not permit your friends in service to tell you—or write you—"inside" facts about where they are, what they are doing and seeing.

Do not become a tool of the Hun by passing on the malicious, disheartening rumors which he so eagerly sows. Remember he asks no better service than to have you spread his lies of disasters to our soldiers and sailors, gross scandals in the Red Cross, cruelties, neglect and wholesale executions in our camps, drunkenness and vice in the Expeditionary Force, and other tales certain to disturb American patriots and to bring anxiety and grief to American parents.

And do not wait until you catch someone putting a bomb under a factory. Report the man who spreads pessimistic stories, divulges—or seeks—confidential military information, cries for peace, or belittles our efforts to win the war.

Send the names of such persons, even if they are in uniform, to the Department of Justice, Washington. Give all the details you can, with names of witnesses if possible—show the Hun that we can beat him at his own game of collecting scattered information and putting it to work. The fact that you made the report will not become public.

You are in contact with the enemy *today*, just as truly as if you faced him across No Man's Land. In your hands are two powerful weapons with which to meet him—discretion and vigilance. *Use them.*

## COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

8 JACKSON PLACE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

George Creel, Chairman  
The Secretary of State  
The Secretary of War  
The Secretary of the Navy

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United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by  
The Publisher of This Magazine



## SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, 10965, or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

### ENGAGEMENTS

**STREETOR—ELIEL.** Mrs. W. S. Streetor, of 1815 North Mentor avenue, Pasadena, has made formal announcement of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Streetor to Mr. Leon Eliel, who is in the aviation corps, stationed at March Field, Riverside. No date has been set as yet for the wedding.

**MILLER—HOARD.** Miss Ruth Miller, daughter of Mrs. Myra K. Miller, of Long Beach, to Lieutenant Carl Erling Hoard, U. S. N., of Seattle. The wedding will take place at an early date at Seattle.

**BUSCH—JARVIS.** Formal announcement has been made by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hamilton Busch, of 2715 Portland Place, of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Amy Busch, to Mr. Van Buren Jarvis, of the United States navy. No date has been set as yet for the wedding.

**DRANE—KRUSS.** Miss Elinor Drane, daughter of Mrs. Charles Lewis Drane, of Los Angeles and Chicago, to Lieutenant Edmund Andreas Kruss, who is now in Washington, en route to Italy on a special mission. Upon his return to America, the marriage will take place, probably in Los Angeles.

### WEDDINGS

**REYNOLDS—MILLS.** Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Reynolds, of 444 Park View avenue, announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Ynez Reynolds, to Mr. Charles E. Mills, of Houghton, Michigan. Mr. and Mrs. Mills will make their home in Arizona, where Mr. Mills holds an important position with the United Verde Copper Company.

**SHORES—BADGER.** Miss Kathleen Shores, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Shores, of 1824 St. Andrews place, and Lieutenant Edwin Hill Badger, of Seattle. The marriage was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents. The young officer is stationed at Camp Fremont and he will take his bride there.

**CLEVELAND—WHITE.** Miss Alice

Cleveland, of Mexico City, and Mr. Russell M. White. The marriage was solemnized at the home of the bride's mother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Lovell Swisher, Jr., Hillside avenue. After an extended wedding trip through the East, Mr. and Mrs. White will return to Mexico City, where they will make their home.

**HANNAH—GIBBS.** Mr. and Mrs. Milo H. Hannah, of 1614 Van Ness avenue, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Hannah, to Mr. William Gibbs, of Fort MacArthur. Mr. Gibbs is Quartermaster Sergeant at Fort MacArthur.

**STEVENS—ENSIGN.** Miss Ethel E. Stevens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stevens, 1650 Corsin street, Pasadena, and Mr. Paul W. Ensign. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's parents, with Rev. A. Ashwood, pastor of the First United Presbyterian church, reading the service. Mr. Ensign is in the aviation corps, stationed at Riverside, and his bride will make her home with her parents.

**SEFTON—WESTCOTT.** Miss Jean Campbell Sefton, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Sefton, of North Chester avenue, Pasadena, and Mr. L. L. Westcott, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Westcott, of South El Molino avenue, Pasadena. The marriage service was read by the bride's father, Rev. J. C. Sefton. After a short wedding trip the young couple will be at home with the bride's parents.

**GECK—BURNS.** Miss Alicia Geck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Geck, of Huntington Park, and Mr. Milton Burns. The young bridegroom is attending the officers' training camp at Quantico and his bride will make her home with her parents, during her husband's absence.

**MORRISON—JOHNSON.** Mrs. Jessie Ruth Morrison, of 456 Grand View street, Los Angeles, has formally announced the marriage of her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Morrison, to Mr. William Paul Johnson, of Honolulu. The marriage was celebrated at Immanuel Presbyterian Church. After touring Southern California, Mr. Johnson will take his bride to Honolulu, where they will make their home.

**SPEAKE—STURDEVANT.** Miss Lena Spake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Spake, of 70 North Bonnie street, Pasadena, and Mr. Charles Victor Sturdevant, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Sturdevant, of 240 North Los Robles avenue, Pasadena. Rev. Frank Stevens, of Pomona, former pastor of the Lave Avenue Congregational Church, performed the ceremony.

**BIXBY—SPENCER.** Miss Fanny Bixby, daughter of Mrs. Jotham Bixby and the late Mr. Jotham Bixby, of Long Beach, and Mr. W. Carl Spencer, of Coachella. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Francis Watry, former pastor of the Unitarian church at Long Beach, at his ranch home near Santa Ana.

(Continued on Page 19)



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In view of the fact that The Steinway factory is thousands of instruments behind in its orders, this announcement is doubly significant. Southern California having established itself as one of the world's greatest users of Steinway Pianos per capita, has been especially favored. We are now able to announce a full line of styles and sizes. Your special attention is directed to the new small upright style V at \$635. Prices on Grands begin at \$985.

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# The Graphic

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

ELBRIDGE D. RAND - - - - - Publisher  
ALFRED L. FENTON - - - - - General Manager  
WINFIELD HOGABOOM - - - - - Editor

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### Publishers' Announcement

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## THE LAW

Section 1273, Civil Code of California

### WILL of MARRIED WOMEN

A married woman may dispose of all her separate estate by will, without the consent of her husband, and may alter or revoke the will in like manner as if she were single. Her will must be executed and proved in like manner as other wills.

Name the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank as Executor of your will.

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# The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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G. Edwin Williams

## MISS AMY E. BUSCH

ATTRACTIVE DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. ALLERT HAMILTON BUSCH, OF 2715 PORTLAND PLACE, LOS ANGELES, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. VAN BUREN JARVIS, U. S. N., OF RUTLAND, VERMONT, WAS RECENTLY MADE KNOWN. MISS BUSCH IS ONE OF LOS ANGELES' MOST POPULAR SOCIETY GIRLS



# EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE STATE COUNCIL of Defense has at last found a definite work to do, probably because the State Council of Defense has been taken out of the hands of Mr. Naftzger, who was thoroughly unfitted to be the head of it, and put in the hands of Mr. C. C. Moore, a big man, with a fine brain and a fine heart, who knows how to do things. This proposition of putting the returned soldiers and war workers onto the vast areas of untilled lands, immediately after the war, with the government behind such reclamation projects as are necessary to make these lands tillable and profitable, was first presented to the people of the Pacific coast by Secretary of the Interior Lane, and it is one of his pet ideas. He has worked on it until he has made it practical and possible, and when he was last on this coast he talked about it to many audiences of big men. Here in Los Angeles he spoke before the members of the University club and their guests about it. But nobody paid much attention until Mr. Moore took it up, and made it one of the works of the State Council of Defense. Immediately after Mr. Lane's visit here THE GRAPHIC had an editorial comment on his talk, and also suggested that the State Council of Defense would be the proper body to put the thing through, provided the body could be put in better hands. Mr. Naftzger controlled it at that time. Now it is in better hands, and the suggestion is being followed. Former U. S. Senator Frank P. Flint is the Southern California man who is carrying out the idea. He is the right man to do it. There are millions of idle acres in California, Oregon and Washington. Some of these need draining; some need irrigation and some need clearing. The men and women will be available right after the war; the government will supply the necessary funds, and the State Council of Defense will bring the thing about.

THE SITUATION in regard to nominees for Governor of California is a peculiar one, to say the least, and, for one thing, it very thoroughly points out to the people of the state another of the big blunders of the Hiram Johnson regime. The primary election law in this state is a bungle, so to speak. It was bad enough to start with, but not content with it, as it originally was, the so-called Progressive statesmen of this state went at it for the second time two years ago, and so boggled it that now there is no Democratic nominee at all for the Governorship, unless the courts shall decide that it is unconstitutional. It is to be hoped that the courts will do this. And after that it is much more to be hoped that the legislature will provide us with a new law, to take the place of the present one, that will give the various parties of the state an equal chance to place their candidates on the ballot. It was the rapacious politicians who provided us with the present bunglesome primary election law, and, of course, it will be the politicians who will frame the next one, to take the place of this one. But let us hope that the politicians will have learned something, in the meantime, from the tangle of the present situation, to the end that they will frame a law that will give the voters of all parties some show, as well as themselves. The chances are that they have learned their lesson, and that the next primary election law in California will not be framed with a view to permitting all sorts of political trickery.

THE CHAMBER of COMMERCE of Los Angeles is changing with the times. Co-incident with a campaign for new membership in this body, which has recently been inaugurated, comes announcement that the Chamber is to devote a great deal of its activity from now on to the bringing here of new industries, and the building up and expansion of the industries now here. Splendid idea, isn't it? The men of the Chamber of Commerce doubtless realize that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce of ten years ago, yes, of five

years ago, wasn't a Chamber of Commerce at all, as a matter of fact. It was a tourist bureau and a real estate publicity bureau combined. But we have come to a realization now of the fact that no longer is there any reason or practical use for a tourist bureau or a real estate publicity bureau for Southern California. What tourists are coming to California from now on are coming anyhow, and what real estate new comers to Southern California will buy hereafter will be bought because of the value of it, based on the industries of California. Climate still is her biggest asset, but Southern California is applying it to industries instead of to tourists.

CHAIRMAN BARUCH, of the War Industries Board, in Washington, has made it one of the conditions of the continuance of the film industry that the films made and shown to the public hereafter be clean and wholesome. Bully for Barney Baruch! It was the thing to do. The producers of motion pictures wouldn't quit their making of unclean and unwholesome pictures because they said that the public wanted and would always pay for that sort of stuff. But they will heed the voice of Mr. Baruch, you bet! Mr. Baruch has the power to class motion picture making among the non-essential industries, and he doubtless will do so if the motion picture makers do not quit making unclean pictures, and hereafter make only clean and wholesome pictures. But what is to become of the Lois Webbers and the Mack Sennetts of the film world? What will Miss Theda Bara turn her talents to now, and who will write the Charlie Chaplin scenarios of the future? There is going to be somewhat of a revolution in the film business, due to this Baruch ukase.

BONE DRY; THE WHOLE United States, by July 1, 1919, say the powers that be in Washington. And doubtless that is what it will be. It is inevitable; has been from the hour war was declared. The only thing in doubt was the day when it would come to pass. What now we have to speculate about is the effect it will have upon our national life. Without a doubt, it is true that we never will go back to the saloon, or to the drinking days that are gone. There will be some drinking, of course, until the last of the stocks of malt and spirituous liquors are all gone, and they will not be all gone until some time after this bone dry law of the land goes into effect. But we imagine it will not be very long after July 1, 1919, when liquor drinking as a habit of the daily life of the people of the United States will be a thing of the past. It is interesting to speculate upon the change this new order of things will bring.

WAR NEWS of the past month has been almost uniformly gratifying to the United States and her allies. American troops have had an active and honorable part in helping the French and British to throw back the German forces in the Marne, the Oise and the Aisne valleys, and it seems improbable that the Germans will again be able to assume the initiative and organize another offensive, at least so far as 1918 is concerned. It is the plan of the military authorities in Washington to place enough American troops in Europe by next Spring to bring the war to a definite conclusion before the end of 1919. All this not only serves to give confidence and encouragement to the American people; it inspires redoubled activity in the matter of war preparations, and every center of industry is working to capacity on the production of things necessary or desirable to help end the war. The Pacific Coast's contribution to this end is by no means insignificant. Shipyards are humming with energy, factories are turning out munitions, clothing, and a hundred other things, while the farms are sending a constant stream of foodstuffs to sustain the Army abroad and in domestic camps.



# BY THE WAY

SOME fiction writer might make a short story out of this: A Los Angeles boy went to Camp Lewis and trained for three months, and then was sent to France to fight. About a month ago, after the beginning of the big battle which started as a German offensive, and turned out to be so offensive to the Germans, this Los Angeles boy was sent back from the front to a base hospital, and his parents in Los Angeles were notified that he had been severely wounded. His name appeared in the Times' list of those wounded in battle, and that was all. His parents were greatly perturbed, and as the days went by their perturbation grew. After a time, which seemed like a very long time to them, a letter came from the boy, in which he said nothing about being wounded, but along toward the end of which he casually mentioned that he had not been at the front for several days, but expected to go back there soon. He said that he had been taking a short rest back of the lines. The brave young soldier had been gassed, and was in a serious condition for a time, but he had come out of it all right, thanks to the wonderful skill and great care of the surgeons at the hospital. But he didn't tell this in his letter, and his parents might never have known it, if it hadn't happened that after he had lain in the hospital for several days he happened to run his hand into the pocket of the hospital pajamas the Red Cross had provided, and found in the pocket a note, written by the young lady who made the pajamas for the Red Cross. This note gave the name and address of the young lady, and the address was Pasadena, California. The young man wrote to this young lady, just to pass the time, perhaps, and the young lady got his letter in Pasadena. He told her in his letter who he is, and who are his parents in Los Angeles, and what did the young lady do but come right in from Pasadena to Los Angeles and tell the boy's mother about it, and show her the letter. Well, the world is pretty small, after all, isn't it?

CAPTAIN Leslie T. Peacocke is not only a successful scenario writer, but a poet as well. I had almost said he was a successful poet, but remembered, in time, there is no such animal. The other day Captain Peacocke was asked by an aspiring author how to sell a photoplay, and at once, and without any great apparent effort, he wrote the following answer on a typewriter:

Can you sell your photoplays? Why certainly you can;  
Any fool can be successful; it's a very easy plan.  
You've only got to find a plot that no one's done before,  
And in your brain I'm sure you have quite fifty plots, or more.  
You've read a lot of magazines, you've seen a lot of plays,  
And in the picture houses you've spent many nights and days,  
Searching for the plots that seem original to you?  
And you always make a note of all the good ones that are new?  
Then, twist those plots about a bit, and change them here and there,  
And make them into something that you don't see everywhere.  
Put in strong dramatic action and originate a punch,  
Then invite Scenario Editors to go with you to lunch,  
And fill them up on goodly cheer, and buy them quarts of wine;  
And if you find they like the lunch, invite them all to dine.  
Then take them for a joy ride down to Vernon, where they dance,  
And if they try to break away, don't give them half a chance.  
Just get them good and dizzy, in a happy sort of daze,  
And when you've got them in this state, then read your photoplays.  
Don't worry if they yawn or groan, or even if they weep,  
Just tell them that good Editors are not supposed to sleep.  
Make them see you've got the nerve to keep them up all night,  
And I'll bet you'll land them, every one; for Editors won't fight!  
There's not a soul that walks the street; there's no one that I know,  
But what has got a dandy plot for a Scenario,  
I know *you* have, my friend; I know you've got a good one now;  
And you can sell it easily,—because I've told you how!

CHAIRMAN Henry S. McKee, of the Southern California Liberty Loan State Central Committee, announces that all plans for a complete organization are being perfected to launch the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive throughout every country in Southern California on Saturday, September 28th. Mr. McKee states that he is confident no matter what amount the Loan is fixed at, Southern California will show her patriotism just as she did upon the occasion of the Third Liberty Loan when Southern California went over the top with an oversubscription of over \$21,000,000. So she will.

ABOUT the most remarkable thing in the way of policemen I have had called to my attention for some time is Cyrus C. Johnson, a patrolman on the Los Angeles force. It is something quite unusual for policemen to write any poetry at all. The majority of them do not care much for poetry. They lack, in great degree, the fine spirituality and the supersensitiveness, as a Herald reporter would put it, of a poet, and they seldom devote any of their off duty time in making verses. But Mr. Johnson not only writes poetry, but he writes genuine poetry, or else I'm no judge. He has written

the following poem, entitled "Apha," and if it isn't a great poem I'm all out of tune, that's all:

Some day the blasted fields where sleep the dead  
Will bloom again with verdure green and gold;  
And on the plain where once our brothers bled  
Spring will call red poppies from the mold.

And then, oh earth, rejoice anew  
And sing where once the battle rang;  
The sons of God will shout with you  
As when the stars of morning sang.

And every aching heart will know surcease,  
For God will wipe away all tears and pain,  
While on the hills afar the Prince of Peace  
Will heal the rugged wounds of all our slain.

A million million children yet to be  
Will see the hallowed lanes where crosses stand  
Above the fearless ones that made them free,  
And bless the dreamless dust of No-Man's Land.

THERE have been many indications, since the government took over the control of the railroads, that it is the intention of the administration to retain control of them for a long time after the war is over; perhaps for ever. One of the strong indications is the announcement at this time of the discontinuance of the issuance of the familiar thirty-two page railroad folder, or time-table, so called, and the substitution of a four-page condensed folder, or time-table, by means of which the traveler can tell when the train he wishes to travel on starts from the station he desires to start from, himself, and also the time at which it will arrive at the place he wishes to go to. The announcement of this wonderful reform, as sent to the newspapers, carries also the statement that the change will furnish travelers with the information they desire, (which is a piece of fine sarcasm, to be sure), and also will effect an economy in printing and paper, (which is evidently a piece of camouflage), because it is quite apparent that the idea of the railroad administration in supplying time-tables to travelers which actually tell the time of arrival and departure of all trains, is to quickly and effectually popularize government operation of railroads with the people. Mr. McAdoo keeps that thinker of his working at all times, does he not?

PRESIDENT Benj. Ide Wheeler of the University of California has just received a telegram from Adjutant General McCain in Washington acquainting him with the fact that the University of California has been officially designated as one of those institutions to operate under the Students' Army Training Corps plan recently announced by the Committee on Education and Special Training of the War Department. Although the University has for some time been co-operating with the War Department officials in preparation for the Students' Army Training Corps, Adjutant General McCain's telegram today was the first official word of the War Department authorizing the University to announce that a unit would be established there.

According to the Adjutant General the actual installation of the Students' Army Training Corps unit will occur during the month of September. It will be possible for students to enlist in this branch of the army to be located at the University immediately after the corps is officially established. The Adjutant General further states that rifles, uniforms, and other equipment needed will be provided so far as necessary.

It is estimated that more than 1,800 students at the University will enlist or enroll in the Students' Army Training Corps.

YES, the times are changing. I read in the Herald that a Buick automobile, with special top, narrow plate glass in the rear, and side curtains, the owner's name plate on the radiator, new Goodyear tires, a traveling bag and a golf bag in the tonneau, was stolen at San Diego while the owner was passing the weekend there. And who do you suppose was the owner? E. L. Doheny? Guess again. H. E. Huntington? Nope; you've got one more guess. Give it up? All right, it was Guy Price, dramatic editor of the Herald. I can remember the time when half the dramatic editors in Los Angeles didn't have an automobile to their backs, let alone golf bags.

JUDGE H. A. Pierce is dead, at the age of 79. He wasn't really a judge; he was a justice of the peace in this city. I remember him well because he was my neighbor on Haldale for several years. He was a peculiar man; a unique figure, in fact. Talkative, yes; he was garrulous. But he was honest and good, and he loved humanity. As a justice of the peace he gained the title of the "marrying justice," and he delighted in marrying young people. He always insisted on kissing the bride.



# A GIRL OF THE PERIOD

UP to the time that we got into the great house-cleaning, extermination and fumigation of the Prussic poison of the world, everyone who knew Grace Marcuson considered her an extremely useful member of society. The spirit of the Vikings-of-old run in her Danish blood—by direct descent from her father, A. Marcuson, sea captain and pioneer. Being an old child, Grace became her father's "right-hand man," which helps to explain things.

Miss Marcuson had driven motor-cars of various makes ever since she could remember and had cruised considerably with her father in his schooner-rigged yacht, especially at the time he was the sole possessor of a regular Robinson Crusoe sort of island off the coast of Lower California. She can coax cantankerous cylinders into "hitting" every time they should "hit." Associating much with motors and machinery generally, she has been known to pat and oil and tinker into smoothly running behavior even marine engines, which she declares to be the most treacherous of all the engine family.

Born on an Indian reservation, it seems to Miss Marcuson that her first toddling footsteps were taken a horse-back. Be that as it may, she has convinced more than one wild and woolly pony that abrupt and too decisive movements are distinctly bad form—when Miss Marcuson is in the saddle. It is not on the carefully carried fashionable bridle paths connecting civilized parks and boulevards that she rides most, but out on the desert and up in the mountains.

The first real live playmates (and they were very real and very lively) Grace remembers were two vivacious and fascinating youngsters who played in the corral that her father built for her. Like all well regulated fathers, Mr. Marcuson chose his daughter's early associates, and he chose—bear cubs, two fat and furry ones, memory of whom is ever green in the Marcuson family, though they did disgrace themselves upon their first visit to San Francisco. Doing a little pioneering on their own behalf, they invaded the roof of a hotel—but that is another and a shocking story of a bear of a time on a hotel roof.

It must be this association with Indian ponies, bear cubs, marine motors, *et al*, of the temperament Tempermental that sent Grace Marcuson into something other than knitting two and purling one. She announced



GRACE E. MARCUSON  
DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. A. MARCUSON, OLD-TIME RESIDENTS OF  
LOS ANGELES

that she would do her "best to help win" by becoming an aviator. Her announcement met a compromise advanced and argued by her adoring parents. Result: Grace Marcuson became a radio operator instead of an aviatrix.

Day and night she dug in—trigonometry and calculus and chemistry, direct and alternating currents, the code and actual experimenting, and she now has completed the regular wireless (naval) course; is fully prepared and more than eager to be called to the country's service. She hopes to be stationed on a ship and every incident in her history makes one certain that no matter what the catastrophe, Grace Marcuson will send her S O S signals with unruffled dexterity, with all due celerity and absolute freedom from fright. She fears neither death nor seasickness. She has faced both. Everyone meets defeat of their plans and hopes occasionally, but Grace Marcuson has always failed to recognize it whenever she has encountered it; she has a cool (perhaps it's due to Viking ancestry) manner of giving opposition the "cut direct" and going serenely on her way.

Grace Marcuson's calm is so colossal—and unusual—that in the old days of sorority meets and afternoon teas, amid all the hub bub and chatter that was the fashion then, she still remained uncannily calm, never raising by so much as a note, her

very low and gentle voice and cloak-ing the unusual strength of her character and valiant personality with a manner of complete self-effacement.

The months of digging night and day at wireless telegraphy left her a bit white and haggard. I noticed it in spite of my interest in the smart green velvet frock she wore. She was soon to start on a seventy-five mile horseback trip to gain back the color she had dissipated upon alternating and direct currents. Holding with both hands a new hat direct from New York's smartest avenue, she asked in her quiet little voice: "Do you notice this hat facing is lavender—I thought it was pink; I don't bother to look long at such things and my people are just Swedish enough to be partial to pink; do you think they will be disappointed?"

I do not believe her people will be disappointed in the color of her hat brim any more than any of us will be disappointed in the services Grace Marcuson renders us through her service to our Government.

## AN ENTERTAINING BOOK

BY WINFIELD HOGABOOM

THE other day I was in Pasadena on business, and chanced to meet a number of the business men of Pasadena, among them Mr. J. W. Wood, agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad in Pasadena, I believe. Upon learning my name Mr. Wood said to me: "You are a writer, are you not?" and not wanting to get into any argument with the gentleman, I said: "Yes," and he said: "Well, I'm glad to meet you; I'll send you a copy of my book." Of course, I wouldn't have done it for the world, had I known. But he didn't look like an author to me, and I supposed I could get away with it, when he asked me. And after he said that about his book I couldn't take it back, so I had to keep on sailing under false colors, and a day or so later I got the book.

The name of the book is "Pasadena, California, Historical and Personal, a Complete History of the Organization of the Indiana Colony; Its Establishment on the Rancho San Pascual and Its Evolution into the City of Pasadena, Including a Brief Story of San Gabriel Mission, and of the Political Changes and Personages Involved in this Transformation, Churches, Societies, Homes, Etc., Brought Down to Date, and Fully Illustrated."

It is a great book, believe me, and J. W. Wood is some writer. There is a "Foreword," in which he says: "Had I the affluence of imagination, and the poetic vocabulary of my friend John McGroarty, I could have made this reading more entertaining, I know." Then comes an "Introduction," wherein the author invites the reader to come with him "over sunlit paths to rose bowered pergolas and secluded retreats," where, "the golden sunshine sifts in chastened floods upon smiling hill and valley, and fills the

land with happy radiance"; for "I am leading you," he explains, "to the feet of mighty mountains, whose peaks pierce the profound depths of benignant skies," where a "splendid city rests."

Say, he doesn't need any of John McGroarty's affluence of imagination and poetic vocabulary. John McGroarty can wrap his affluent imagination and his poetic vocabulary in cotton batting, and lay it away in the old leather trunk, with moth balls, and all that sort of stuff, and this J. W. Wood author won't suffer a'tall.

I haven't read the book yet; I've just glanced it over, so to speak, but I am going to read it some time. Some day, when I can spare the time, I am going to take this book, and with it under my arm, I am going to hie me to some secluded spot; some bosky dell along the bank of a purling brook, where the wild flowers grow, and their fragrance mingles with the odor of the trees and the ferns. There I shall sit me down in the umbrage of some spreading sycamore, and with the low hum of the bees, pierced ever and anon by the piping song of the wild bird, in my ears; with the shadows playing on the leafy ground as the sunlight filters through the branches overhead, while the sun rides through a sky shot with white, fleecy clouds; with dull care flung to the winds—where am I O, yes, I was about to remark—with dull care—cut out that "flung to the winds" thing; there wouldn't be any winds where I am going—with dull care flung—just let it go at flung; I haven't exactly made up my mind where I'm going to fling it—where am I now? O, yes, I know—I'm going to sit there under that sycamore and read this History of Pasadent, Etc., Etc.



# THE STORY OF AN OLD FAN

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

THE Art Department of the Red Cross Shop, at 8th and Alvarado Streets, now owns a unique heirloom in the shape of an exquisite old fan. It is of point lace with sticks of mother-of-pearl of a beautiful golden color. It was recently raffled for the benefit of the Red Cross, and Mrs. W. T. McFie, who held the winning ticket, has just presented it to the Shop to be sold again.

This fan is fragile and fairy-like in construction and ornamentation, nevertheless it has a history replete with romantic love and tragedy stretching back to old Spain and the poignant days of the seventies. Between the golden sticks and the frost-like web of its rare lace, streamed messages of flaming intensity and passion. Behind its gauzy screen beauty veiled itself and allured. And finally as a gage d'amour unto the blackness of death itself, the fragrance and loveliness of this fan recalled its queenly owner and her love in all the witchery of a past happiness. In brief, the history of the fan which has been marvellously preserved, runs like this:

During one of the visits of the late King Edward to Biarritz, a singer who was there resting after a brilliant tour, gave a specially selected programme in one of the great halls of the hotel, and in appreciation was received next evening in private audience with the king. After leaving the Royal Presence, on the point of entering her own salon, she was overtaken and accosted by a young Spanish girl, who, weeping, prayed her to go with her to see her uncle who was dying. The girl explained that he, already ill, had been hobbling past the windows of the room where she was singing the night before, and had made his way to a place from which he could both see and hear, remaining spellbound through the entire evening. The result of the effort had been to hasten the end, and now he only begged to speak a last word to the Senora. The sympathetic heart of the singer was so greatly touched, she submitted herself at once to the guidance of the grief-stricken niece. Arrived at the bedside of the dying man, she discovered him to be crippled and scarred, but the face still retained, through its age and disfiguration, the marks of an erstwhile beauty.

"Beautiful Senora of the wonderful voice," he began in excellent French, "I must speak quickly while there is yet time. I am Mateo Cabrillo, and if you have been pleased to interest yourself in affairs of the bull-ring, sometimes—perhaps the name, Mateo, may not fall unrecognized on your ears, for once—pardon the seeming boast—it was upon many lips not only in Spain—God had been good to me, I was strong and fair to look upon, while in my veins ran the rich, red blood of the bull-fighters of old Madrid. What would you, then? I gained much honor. I rose higher, higher—true to my ancestry. I became in short, Mateo, whose praises rang far and were heard in many lands. The people in Spain, the people I love, loved me—they would raise their voices in a music sweet to my ears and shout, 'Mateo!' and I would answer them, the pulses throbbing with joy of it, as I leaped into the ring to kill with one thrust—always but one—the maddest toro. Unscarred my beauty, unmarred my body, the Senoritas found me comely, but I cared naught save for the glory of the fight; also, I found favor in the eyes of the great ladies in their boxes, who sometimes let me look at the sweet faces behind their mantillas in tossing me a rose.

"There came to me one night, strange men, who bade me obey without question, by order of one high in power, whose name I learned not there. They led me blindfolded to a patio I knew not and there unbound my eyes. Upon a balcony above me there stood a lady who spoke no word, her face concealed behind a fan. Long she stood thus, and looked upon me, then giving a great sigh, began to sing to me of love. I knew her then to be one of noble rank who, deigning to love the humble toreador, could tell him only thus. The liquid music of that voice poured out in passionate words, as red wine from a chalice, awakened my soul and as the wind-blown flame, ignites the waiting embers, so my heart took fire and leaped to sudden passion—night after night they came to take me there and night after night my lady sang to me behind her fan. My days were but the lagging pauses to be endured between the vivid nights. I poured out my soul in trembling words, always praying to see her face, but she answered me not except in song. Even the throngs calling for 'Mateo' stirred me not as of old. I could think only of my lady of the fan and hear only that magic voice. There came a night at last, however, when my entreaties were rewarded. Ceasing to hope for the face, I begged with all my ardor the fan—the fan behind which those eyes had screened themselves. Making me a sign, she

withdrew, and soon returned, a mantilla flung across her face, and bearing in her hand a slender box. Leaning from her balcony, she dropped this into my waiting hands, the while the mantilla fell, disclosing at last her countenance. I looked thereon a brief moment—upon beauty words may not paint, then she was gone! Again in my home, alone, I opened the box

and behold the fragile fan with a tiny paper upon which was written: 'To keep until another voice sings mine to silence.'

Next day the great bull fight of the season was to take place when all Madrid should see Mateo make the death thrust for the fiercest toro in Spain, and carry him triumphant before the king upon their shoulders. But I was dreaming not of the bull ring—my heart aflame—obsessed by love. I roused myself and swore to put my lady from my thoughts until the fight was done. I

looked upon the throngs around the arena. I felt the blood of my ancestors riot in my veins, and stepped proudly into the ring at the call of 'Mateo.'

"The great bull was pawing the ground and bellowing as I entered. I ran toward him and he turned unspent, furious, with new frenzy, rushing upon me. 'Kill now quickly, with one thrust, or pay the price,' I read, as if it were written across the sky, but smiled in confidence and was ready. The mad beast was upon me, my weapon poised for the deadly lunge, unerringly aimed as always, when jusa over the animal's head my eyes lifted to my lady's face there in the royal box!—When I regained consciousness after many weeks, the beauty of Mateo's face and form were vanished—desperate and ashamed I fled from my native land that the eyes I loved might never look upon the ruined thing I had become. Always exiled in body, my heart has been there with her, and always I have kept the fan. The words she placed in the slender box I wore upon my heart that fatal day—they were never found, trampled, no doubt, by the raging toro: 'To keep until another voice sings mine to silence.' Senora, I go to find my lady who is long gone—her voice, never silent, sings in my soul today—tomorrow it will speak to me—there. But before I go I should like to lay in your hands the fan I cherished so long." And he placed the white box in the singer's lap. "I do this because your voice takes up the Perfect Song as my lady sang it—and you can give its sweetness to the lonely world, as if she sang from out the Great Silence."

35 lines 24 ems short to fill page.

## TRANSMUTATION

By GUY BOGART

Nature smiled  
Thru early morning mists.  
Soft moonbeams, palm-reflected,  
Retreating before solic rays—  
The two commingling in rainbow splendor caught  
Of dew-drop crystal;  
And Morn awakening.  
Kissed with that thorofied draught  
The Rosebud,  
Which straightway lifted  
A smiling face.

Salvatore Carone's black Nanny goat,  
Sans aestheticism, ate that rose to  
Satisfy her hunger crave,  
Showing her goat joy—  
So Nature's smile traveled on.

Black Nanny's milk fed  
Dainty Cossette,  
Dark Italian kiddie;  
Sustained her romping feet  
Thru golden sunshine hours.  
In her crib at evenfall  
Cossette, her bottle empty,  
Smiled.  
A lone star-beam  
Caught that baby-gleam  
And back to Nature it returned.

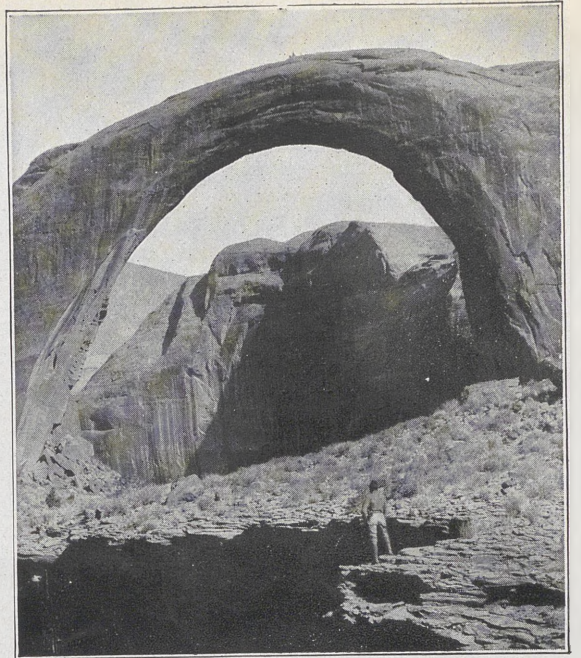






HERMIT CAMP IN THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

## Enchanted Land of the Southwest



RAINEOW NATURAL BRIDGE

THE Southwest Enchanted Land is a region of mighty mountain, wide spaces and brilliant colors—a "land where distance is lost and the eye is a liar." No other equal area on earth contains so many supreme marvels of so many kinds, so many masterpieces of Nature's handiwork, so vast and conclusive monuments of prehistoric man.

It has been said that there are no ruins in this country and people cross the ocean to admire crumbling piles less majestic and less interesting than are found in our own Southwest.

In this region we can see how the *first American* lived, toiled, watched and fought.



NAVAJO WEAVER IN CANYON DE CHELLY

The powdered dust of centuries had covered the floors of our cliff-dwellings before Columbus had grandparents to be.

In little niches in the almost perpendicular walls of deep cut canyons are numerous small single rooms called cavite lodges, while underneath overhanging ledges are large habitations styled cliff-dwellings, and in still larger depressions and on mesa tops are to be found great community houses containing hundreds of rooms, some of which are graced with towers and turrets which entitle them to be called castles and palaces.



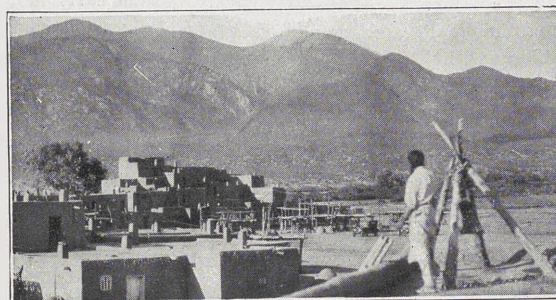
### SERIOUS AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS

WHEN the war is won the demobilization of armies and the reorganization of industry for peace will be serious questions. Another will be the adjustment between labor and capital and how to meet the powerful trend of labor toward complete control of industry. With the country's production enormously increased by war demands, when these demands cease what is to be done with the great facilities for overproduction? All these and many other enigmas must be solved by thoroughly fortified financial conditions in our corporations.

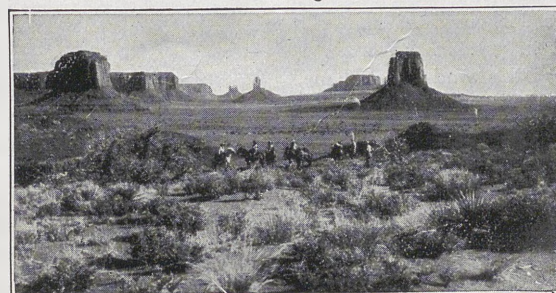
"With the inevitable adjustments ahead," says Mr. Kies, "and having in mind the competition we must meet, it is important that business shall go into the after-the-war period in a sound and prosperous condition. A tax levy so high that it will leave little or nothing for business as a reserve, cannot fail to cripple industry." Profits, he adds, in effect, are either distributed to stockholders where they can be taxed as income, or they are used to expand business, thus increasing production and furnishing wide employment for labor. Some of the profits should conservatively be accumulated against unforeseen happenings and to bridge over lean years. If the treasuries are milked dry now, so that no adequate funds are left for expansion and for reserves, our great industrial machine will be crippled and handicapped at the very time when it most needs its strength to meet the difficult and dangerous after-the-war problems.



HOPi SNAKE DANCE, ARIZONA



TAOS INDIAN PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO



EARLY MORNING IN MONUMENT VALLEY

### THE UTILITY PROBLEM

THE plight of the utility companies throughout the country is reflected in the appeal of the New York Railways Company for increased fares.

Public utilities have been meeting the increased burdens of the war without proportionate increase in their charges, and the situation of most of them now, at the end of their resources, is lamentable and a crying national evil.

The appeal to commissioners and others seems as hopeless as was that of the railroads to the Interstate Commerce Commission, before the Government took them over and pitchforked the narrow policies which had throttled them into the dust-heap.

Such bodies of men seem to be so hedged about with narrowness and hide-bound adherence to warped views, that it seems utterly impossible for them to see straight and fairly. We intimated last week that the remedy might be by Government action, inasmuch as the disaster was becoming widespread and would have an obstructive effect upon war work.

The National War Labor Board, which is endeavoring to compose wage controversies between street railway companies and employees, and of which Chairmen Taft and Walsh are at the head, have about decided to appeal to President Wilson. They are said to believe that the power conferred on the President by the declaration of war, reinforced by the Overman bill, were sufficient to enable him to order increased fares, and that if this policy is agreed upon, it will affect every community in the country having street railway lines.

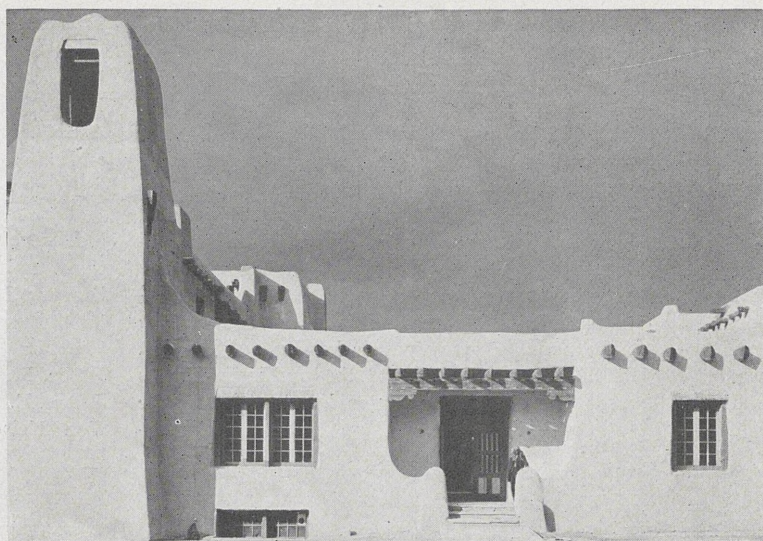


# A NOTED SOUTHWESTERN INSTITUTION

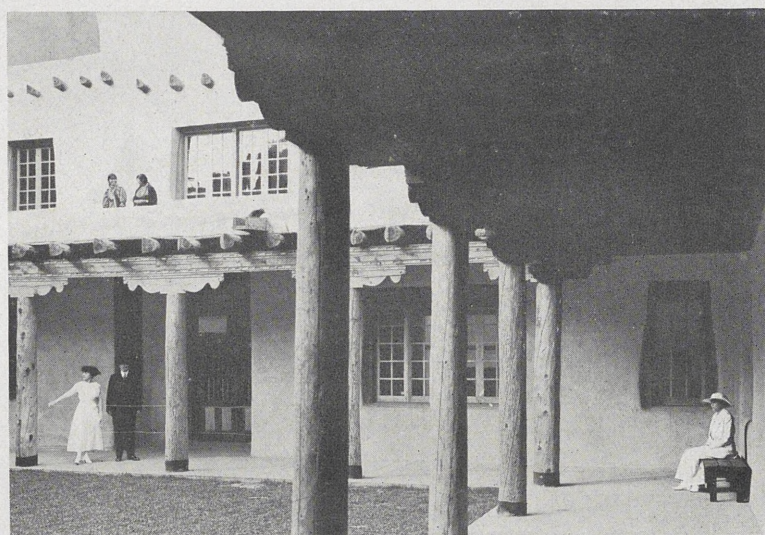
WHO that has sojourned in Santa Fe, New Mexico, will ever be free from its sunny, lazy charm? Have we yet forgotten the little toy burros with the huge load of wood on their backs, the Indian and his gaily clad squaw or Candalario's low, dusty curio shop? What fun to hunt among the Navajo rugs, the Indian baskets and pottery to find just the right gift for friends at home! If one does not come upon it in this old adobe curiosity shop one never fails to discover in the stores around the plaza some satisfying bit of turquoise jewelry or perhaps a brooch of delicate filagree work.

Today Santa Fe has another attraction to cause the casual visitor to wire on to Los Angeles that he will arrive there a day later than he expected. This lodestone is the Museum of the State of New Mexico. The soft gray cement covered building stands at the northeast corner of the plaza and just across the street from the Old Palace of the Governors where General Lew Wallace when territorial governor of the state wrote part of Ben Hur. The structure in its exterior is a modern pueblo embodying important architectural features of six ancient pueblos of the state. It is built in the form of a hollow square with a grass covered patio in the center around which a portico runs. The tree trunks which are used as columns have hand carved capitals and architrave wrought by the patient labor of the native Pueblo Indian. The terraced stories that lead up to the Acoma tower are surmounted by ladders as in the pueblo proper. The projecting beams and deep sunk doors and windows cause interesting shadows which are a relief from the monotonous brilliancy of the New Mexican sunshine.

Within are exhibition rooms for the display of archaeological treasures of the region, board and executive offices and a large and well lighted art gallery. The museum authorities under the direction of Dr. Edgar Lee



LIBRARY ENTRANCE TO NEW MUSEUM



SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

Hewett opened the gallery with a most interesting exhibition of The Taos Society of Painters during the month of November. The modern Indian arts such as pottery making, rug weaving and basketry are to be encouraged here also. The museum is anything but a dead, dull repository of antediluvian specimens. It takes an energetic part in all the activities of the town. All day and often a good part of the night it is alive with energy. The School of American Archaeology carries on its researches among the Pueblo Indians in this building. It is also the headquarters of the Red Cross and Navy League and is the center of many social affairs. The institution is one of which the Southwest is justly proud.

## CONSERVATION OF CREDIT

NOT only should the goods and labor of the Nation be conserved for the prosecution of the war; the credit of the Nation must be conserved for the same purpose.

This is being impressed upon the banks, and it should be impressed upon the people, too—the borrowers from banks.

All of the banks of the country are being urged by the Federal Reserve Board to curtail their loans. They are urged to loan money only where the borrower is going to use it in some way that will aid in or contribute to winning the war.

This policy is not aimed at hampering legitimate business. It aims to help win the war, which is the best thing possible for business. It simply means that money wanted for non-essential purposes should be

refused. Let the non-essentials wait until the war is finished. The Government needs the money to carry on the war. The farmers, the men and the industries engaged in war work or engaged in producing things needed for the efficiency both of our soldiers and of our home people, need the credit to carry on their enterprises.

# THE ECONOMIC LINK BETWEEN THREE CONTINENTS

IT is becoming more and more apparent that as soon as the war ends it will be the duty of the Western powers to strain all their energies toward the reconstruction of the shattered economic structure of the world. The industrial countries will have to produce at full capacity so as to be in a position to increase their exports in proportion to the enormous increase of their public debt and monetary circulation. But two elements will be indispensable to the accomplishment of this purpose: first, they will have to develop all their material resources even to the extent of tapping the dormant supplies of undeveloped countries; second, they will have to create new and powerful markets for the absorption of their manufactured products. In other words, they will have to enter into close touch with countries and nations susceptible of being developed both as purveyors of raw material and as consumers of manufactured or half manufactured products.

The most elementary knowledge of the world's dormant natural wealth and of the distribution of population on the earth shows that the location of both these elements necessary to the international economic welfare are to be found in Asia, and to a lesser degree in South America. Accepting this theory as a basic truth, a glance at the map will suffice to convince even the most conservative among us, of the great role which the United States will have to play in the coming work of economic reconstruction. Our wealth, our development and our geographic position will make it not only desirable, but indispensable that we should act as a connecting link between Eastern Asia, South America and Europe. Our proximity to the Eastern continent overflowing with natural wealth, and with an industrious population susceptible of being taught the advantages of modern comfort, represented by a thousand and one commodities manufactured by Western

industries will make it most desirable for our capitalists, manufacturers and promoters to take an active interest in developing the opportunities offered to us, thanks to our geographical position and to the world-wide reputation rightly enjoyed by our business men. It should not be forgotten that we owe it to ourselves and to a sorely tried world to take full advantage of the means which have been put in our hands by circumstances and by our location on the crossing point of the great trade routes of the near future. The same factors which have made of Hamburg, Amsterdam, Antwerp, London and Liverpool, the transshipping harbors and entrepôts of the trade traffic between the West and North Eastern Europe, are today working towards making New York, Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Manila, transshipping harbors and entrepôts of the world trade traffic, provided we are ready to rise to the occasion as have the Hanseatics, the Dutch, the Flemings and the Englishmen.

To accomplish this purpose and to make ourselves fit for our mission, we will have to work hard and organize. Our efforts should be concentrated on three main objects: first, to teach and induce our people to export their surplus savings which are not required by the industrial life of our country and to invest them in wealth producing foreign enterprises; second, to train the necessary crews to man all available American ships, which are at present engaged in war work and to amend our maritime legislation so that we may be in a position to employ said ships under the American flag, for the export and import trade from Asia and South America to Europe and vice-versa, by way of our ports; third, to construct extensive warehouse accommodations in every American key-port along the international trade routes which cross the United States and to create free ports at said terminals.



# THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

IN her smart going-away gown of navy blue charmeuse, with chic hat to match and carrying a bridal bouquet of white roses, Miss Katherine Mullen, Wednesday morning, August 28, became the bride of Mr. Daniel Francis Murphy, of San Francisco. The ceremony was performed by Father William Ford in St. Brendan's Chapel at 7:30 in the morning. The little chapel was prettily decorated in a color scheme of pink and green, pink asters being combined with foliage. The bride was attended by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Andrew Mullen, as matron of honor, and Mr. Frank D. Tatum, brother-in-law of Mr. Murphy, served as best man. Only the immediate relatives of the two families witnessed the ceremony. Miss Mary and Miss Gertrude Murphy and Mr. Joseph Murphy, sisters and brother of the bridegroom, came down from San Francisco to attend the wedding. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Mullen, of 4927 Rosewood avenue, Los Angeles, is one of the popular members of the younger set here. She is a graduate of the Sacred Heart Convent at Menlo Park, and is an accomplished musician, having an exceptionally charming voice. She is a member of the Patriotic League and has been an active worker in other war relief organizations. Mr. Murphy, who is a brother of Mrs. Frank D. Tatum, of this city, is well known in business circles of San Francisco. His family and Miss Mullen's family have known each other for many years and the marriage of these young people is a happy culmination of the long standing friendship between the two families. Mr. Murphy and his bride left immediately after the ceremony for an extended eastern trip and later this fall will return to San Francisco to make their home. The bride is the niece of Mrs. G. Allan Hancock, and Mrs. Hancock, who with her children is occupying the Carolan home near San Jose for the summer, came down for the wedding. She was accompanied by her young daughter, Rosemary, and her sister, Miss Rose Marie Mullen. They will remain in Los Angeles for a few days and then plan to return to San Jose.

In compliment to Mrs. James E. Higgins, Jr., of Piedmont, California, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Lacy, of Wilshire boulevard, Mrs. Roy Dromer Bayly presided as hostess at an informal knitting tea, Wednesday afternoon of last week. Mrs. Bayly entertained at her home, 756 South New Hampshire street, and about eighteen girl friends of the guest of honor were invited to the affair. Miss Mabel Seeley, sister of the hostess, assisted in entertaining the guests. Mrs. Higgins is always a welcome visitor in Los Angeles and many pretty informal affairs are being given for her during her visit here. Miss Louise Burke entertained a group of friends at her attractive home in Berkeley Square recently, places being set for eight guests. Mrs. Albert E. Webb, of Westmoreland place, is another charming hostess who recently entertained with a tea, at which her guest of honor was Mrs. Webster Fox, of Philadelphia, who is visiting in Southern California.

Miss Margaret Johnson, whose engagement to Lieutenant Wells was recently made known has been the inspiration for many prettily informal affairs, since the secret was told. Miss Grace

Wells, of Westmoreland place, sister of the bridegroom-elect, complimented Miss Johnson and Lieutenant Wells with a charmingly arranged dinner and theater party a few evenings ago. Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy entertained Saturday of last week with a pretty beach party at her summer home at Redondo, complimenting Lieutenant Wells and his fiancée. Swimming was enjoyed during the afternoon and a buffet supper given later in the evening. Besides the guests of honor a jolly party of the younger set were guests at the enjoyable affair. No definite date for the marriage of the popular young people has been set as yet, but like so many other of the weddings of this season may be decided upon hurriedly and take place with hastily made arrangement. Lieuten-



Weston

## MISS KATHERINE MULLEN

DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. EDWARD F. MULLEN, OF LOS ANGELES, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. DANIEL FRANCIS MURPHY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, WAS AN INTERESTING SOCIETY EVENT OF WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28

ant-Commander William Robert Munroe and Mrs. Munroe arrived a week ago from the North. Lieutenant-Commander Munroe is leaving soon for foreign waters. Mrs. Munroe will remain in Los Angeles with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, of 833 West Twenty-eighth street.

At a prettily appointed tea recently given by Miss Amy Busch, the hostess announced her betrothal to Mr. Van Buren Jarvis, of the United States Navy. The secret was told when the guests were given a French bouquet, in which the message was hidden. Miss Busch, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hamilton Busch, of 2715 Portland place, is one of the most popular society girls in Los Angeles. She was educated in Washington, D. C., and has traveled extensively with her mother. Mr. Jarvis is a graduate of Princeton and claims Vermont as his native state. He is just now in European waters and has been in the navy service for a year. The wedding will not take place until Mr. Jarvis receives his furlough, which is rather indefinite, although he expects to be given one soon.

Assisting Miss Busch and her mother in receiving their guests were Mrs. Ernest Duque, Mrs. Marcus Marshall, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Kelsey, Mrs. Charles Nebeker, Mrs. Wells Morris, Mrs. Asa Call, Miss Rachel Ward, Miss Louise Hunt and Miss Eleanor MacGowan. Mrs. Edwin L. Stanton was hostess a few days ago, entertaining with a smart luncheon for Miss Busch. Pink and blue were the colors combined in the floral decorations and in the favors. Besides the guest of honor, others who enjoyed Mrs. Stanton's hospitality were Mrs. Wells Morris, Mrs. Forest Stanton, Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mrs. Claire P. Duffie, Mrs. Charles Nebeker, Mrs. Asa Call, Mrs. James E. Higgins, Jr., Mrs. Ernest Duque, Mrs. Van Kelsey, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Elizabeth Brant, Miss Rachel Ward and Miss Eleanor MacGowan. Mrs. Higgins, who before her marriage, was Miss Josephine Lacy, is here from her home in Piedmont visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Lacy of Wilshire boulevard. Mrs. Nebeker, who with her baby daughter is passing the summer in Los Angeles, the house guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walsh, recently gave a tea in honor of Mrs. Higgins.

It was an unfortunate ending to what was planned to be a delightful outing, when Mrs. Lucien N. Brunswig sustained serious injuries while mountain climbing at Big Bear valley, where she and Mr. Brunswig had gone for a brief vacation a fortnight ago. She was brought immediately to Los Angeles and taken to the Good Samaritan hospital, where she is under the care of Dr. W. A. Edwards. Mrs. Brunswig is suffering from two fractures of the right leg and a fracture of the left arm. Her accident is the occasion for sincere regret on the part of her host of friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Doran, of 547 South Harvard boulevard, entertained at a dinner-dance at the Los Angeles Country Club recently, complimenting Mr. William Jerome Toomey of Windsor Square, who has gone into the service with the Naval Reserves. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Toomey other guests of Mr. and Mrs. Doran at the dinner and dance included Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mr. and Mrs.

Oscar May Souden, and Mr. and Mrs. Chester T. Hoag. It was at the beautiful Toomey home that Miss Chellah Otisa Ingels became the bride of Captain George Derby Holland, a few weeks ago. Mr. Toomey will leave for service within a fortnight.

Mrs. Frank D. Tatum, of Catalina street, was hostess at a charmingly appointed tea early last week, given at the Alexandria Hotel, in honor of Miss Katherine Mullen, whose marriage to Mrs. Tatum's brother, Mr. Daniel Francis Murphy, of San Francisco, was a social event later in the week. The tables were prettily decorated with Spanish lilies combined with pink and yellow rosebuds. About seventy friends of the attractive bride-elect enjoyed the affair. Mrs. Tatum has as her house guests, her sisters and brother, Miss Mary and Miss Gertrude Murphy and Mr. Joseph Murphy, of San Francisco, who came down for the wedding of their brother. Mrs. Tatum plans some sort of informal entertainment in honor of her house guests, who will be in Los Angeles only a week



or ten days. Mr. and Mrs. Tatum are planning a trip to Del Monte soon, Mr. Tatum going up especially for the golf tournament.

An interesting bit of news to Los Angeles society comes with the announcement of the marriage of Miss Gertrude DeWitt Talmage of this city and New York to Chaplain Roy Linden Minich, of the United States army. The marriage took place at the Borough Park Congregational Church, in New York City, of which the bridegroom was former pastor, Tuesday evening, August 27. The bride is a niece of Dr. Walter Jarvis Barlow, of Los Angeles, and is the daughter of Rev. DeWitt Talmage, who for several years was pastor of the First Presbyterian church in this city. She is the grand-daughter of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, noted Brooklyn pastor. Chaplain Minich is a graduate of the Union Theological Seminary of New York, and until he was recently appointed chaplain in the army, was pastor of the church in which he was ordained and was pastor for three years.

Mrs. Richard McCreery, of Burlingame, recently received the announcement of the marriage of her daughter, Miss Cecily Gray-Edgerton, to Colonel Prideaux Brune. The marriage was celebrated in London. The bride is the daughter of the late Sir Grey-Edgerton and is a social favorite in London where she has been in charge of a hospital and has been engaged in other activities since the outbreak of the war.

Dr. C. C. Park and his two daughters, Miss Betty and Miss Nancy Park, who have been absent for the past year doing special canteen work in France, have returned to their home in Montecito for a rest. Mrs. Park, who was with them for six months or more, returned to California a few months ago.

Dr. and Mrs. Ellis W. Jones, of Los Angeles have taken a house at Santa Barbara, where Mrs. Jones will make her home during the absence of Dr. Jones, in the war.

Miss Sue Kuhrt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Kuhrt, of 1018 South Arapahoe street, whose engagement to Mr. Phillips Welwood Murray, of San Francisco, was recently announced, has been the inspiration for much entertaining since the interesting news was told her friends. Miss Madeline Purdon, of 1148 Magnolia avenue, complimented Miss Kuhrt last Wednesday with as hower and tea, given at her home. About forty guests enjoyed the affair. Miss Kuhrt will be married early in September, the wedding, which is to be a quiet affair, taking place in San Francisco. Miss Kuhrt will be accompanied to the northern city by her parents. Following a brief wedding trip which the young couple will take, they will return to San Francisco, where they will make their home until Mr. Murray is called into service.

Mr. Louis G. Dreyfus and his talented wife, Estelle Heartt Dreyfus, are taking a three weeks holiday at Catalina, being domiciled at Camp Albert. They plan to return to Los Angeles about September 6 and will again be established at their apartments at the Bryson.

Interesting news comes from Virginia, telling of the marriage in Wheeling, West Virginia, of Miss Margaret Cromwell, to Lieutenant G. W. Barn-

well, who is stationed at Fort Scrivener, Georgia. The ceremony was military in all its appointments and was attended by society and military folk of the South. The bride is well known in Hollywood and Los Angeles younger social set, having made her home with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Julian G. Hearn, of Hollywood, during the winters, and it was at the summer home of the Hearn that the wedding took place.

## RED CROSS SHOP ADTIVITIES

BY HELEN THORNER

NOT many vacations, or even well-earned "rests," were indulged in by the women at the Red Cross shop this year, and those that did go, hurried back to their posts, to continue the great work "at home." The summer activities have been as enthusiastically carried out, as those of the "winter season," for there are no seasons now, at the shop. Constantly new workers, new ideas and new supplies come in, and each department is in itself a proof of the untiring love and sacrifice for "the great cause."

The Art department, which has always been more or less of a rendezvous spot, for many of the shop's patrons, will become the center of many interesting gatherings these days.

The new committee, consisting of many of the leading artists, and social prominents, of the city, plans indeed some novel and charming inducements.

Mrs. Charles Sumner Kent, so well known and loved, is chairman of the department, and with her, boundless in enthusiasm, is none less than Valerie Bergere, now Mrs. Herbert Warren.

Then there are so many more "of endearing charm." Mariska Aldrich, with her lovely big smile and "ever ready voice," Lillian Goldsmith, with her rare collection of art treasures, Mrs. Bray, wife of Col. Bray, now head at the Orpheum, and so many others that will join this charming ring.

Dorothy Dalton, the guest of honor at one of the recent "big days," gave a touching and beautiful little speech, in which she almost bids farewell to her American admirers. She is going abroad very shortly, to "do something over there."

The tea room is, of course, "the wonder" to everyone who comes from another town to visit the shops.

Mrs. Arthur Wright, who really has surpassed all expectations of the possibilities of this delightful retreat, has now returned from a short rest, and also promises "great surprises."

But above all, we look forward with keenest anticipation to the attractions promised in the tea room.

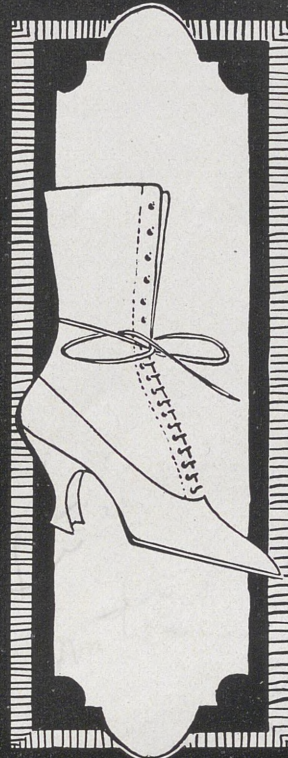
We never have been disappointed in anything that Mrs. Collins has promised. In fact, it always has been more than we looked for. She now has her mind firmly set on a stage, to be built in the shop. And be sure she will get it. And we all will get it. And then there will be unrivalled performances.

The "outdoor Pantages performance" was a splendid success, and another one of this remarkable little woman's achievements.

One of the most attractive programs of the season was given on one of the

(Continued on Page 17)

VILLE DE PARIS  
West Seventh Olive Street



'How Amazed  
You'll Be!

When you try it on  
—how amazed you'll  
be at it's comfort.

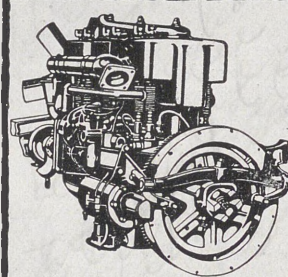
You'd never dream  
such a stylish shoe  
could be so comfortable!

But its a Red Cross  
Shoe, you know.

Exclusively at the Ville  
in Los Angeles.

Red Cross Shoe

"Bend, with your foot"  
TRADE MARK



## Correct Lubrication for the "T"-Head Type Engine

The "T"-Head, illustrated here, is one of several types in popular use today. Engines of this type, like all internal combustion engines, require an oil that maintains its full lubricating qualities at cylinder heat, burns clean in the combustion chambers and goes out with exhaust. ZEROLENE fills these requirements perfectly, because it is correctly refined from selected California asphalt-base crude.

ZEROLENE is made in several consistencies to meet with scientific exactness the lubrication needs of all types of automobile engines. Get our "Correct Lubrication Chart" covering your car. At dealers everywhere and Standard Oil Service Stations.

## Experts Say, "Zerozene Is Better"

Why are the majority of cars now lubricated with ZEROLENE? Because—

ZEROLENE does hold better compression, does give better protection to the moving parts, does deposit less carbon. And this is the testimony of the leading automobile distributors of the Coast.

They know from the records of their service department—and we know from exhaustive tests—that ZEROLENE, correctly refined from selected California asphalt-base crude, gives perfect lubrication with less wear and less carbon deposit.

ZEROLENE is the correct oil for all types of automobile engines. It is the correct oil for your automobile. Get our lubrication chart showing the correct consistency for your car.

At dealers everywhere and Standard Oil Service Stations.

ZEROLENE

The Standard Oil  
for Motor Cars



# SOCIETY MERMAIDS OF THE LOS ANGELES ATHL

Mrs. J. H.  
Chapman

Around the Fount.  
middle, Mrs. Chapman  
Terry, Mrs. Walter B.  
O'Neil; in water, Mrs.  
der, Mrs. Marguerite  
Frank Simonds.

Smiles: Left to right, Mrs. Ruby O'Neill,  
Mrs. J. H. Chapman, Miss Wanlyn Dup-  
eru, Mrs. Harry Cardell, Miss Penelope  
Alexander, Miss Marion Jones, Mrs. Lu-  
cille Jones Terry, Mrs. Ethel Nixon.

Some of the Fine Swimmers of the Great City Organization Enjoying an Afternoon Party at Beautiful "Sunny Slope," a

THE cleverest and most enthusiastic swimmers among the women of Los Angeles, a city which is graced by more mermaids than any other metropolis in the world, are the society ladies of the Athletic Club—scores and hundreds of them. That great organization has the highest and most beautiful indoor pool to be found on earth, and the ladies of the club are enjoying it more and more. Their mornings are Tuesdays and Fridays, and on those days they flock like goldfishes in a lily pond—and they are

about as lively in the water.

This year's attendance in the plunge largely exceeds last season's, notwithstanding the demands the war is making on women's time and energy. As a matter of fact, the L. A. A. C. ladies, and particularly those most active in the natatorium, are doing far more than the average work to help carry the Great Cause to glorious victory. Fifteen minutes to half an hour's brisk swimming twice a week fits them to accomplish more and do it easily. The play and the exercise give zest and

enjoyment to labor. She who swims finds pleasure in life which others cannot know.

All these Los Angeles Athletic Club women and girls are ocean devotees. Many of them are now at Catalina and the various beaches from San Diego to San Francisco, much of the time guests of the Pacific's blue breakers and white surf. There, needless to say, they are as much at home as in the classic hall of marble and tile and Owens River water away up under the sun and sky in the towering temple at Seventh and Olive streets.



# ATHLETIC CLUB DISPORT IN A LOVELY OUTDOOR POOL

Above, Miss Duperu; Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Cardell, Miss Alexan-Blackmore, Mrs.

"Go!"

Mrs Ruby O'Neill



Miss Wanlyn Duperu



Photos by Sta88.

## Country Place with a Vine-Embowered Private Plunge Like Those of Ancient Rome, Now Typically Southern Californian

Wherever anybody can swim and get the full benefit of it these can. They can take care of themselves in tide rip and undertow. If there's a life to be saved they can do it—and will, for many of them have qualified by the Red Cross method and have their official diplomas. The wondrous strides achieved in aquatics by the women of this city are not generally known. Their progress has been rapid bordering on the marvelous. To get an appreciative idea of it a peep at any swimming meet is suggested. It will be an eye-opener.

Occasionally the Athletic Club ladies, or a group of them, make an excursion to some private outdoor pool by invitation, and disport in the fresh water where country breezes stir. Twice recently they have gone to "Sunny Slope," once as the guests of Mrs. Harry Cardell and again with Miss Wanlyn Duperu, and there these scenes were snapped. "Sunny Slope" is up beyond Pasadena, the beautiful estate of Lionel Armstrong, now fighting for the Allies in France, and the plunge, vine-embowered and typical of old Rome and

new Southern California, is one of the most charming in America, possible only in this Land of Sunshine. It is large and deep—twelve feet—with a spouting fountain in the center, with pergolas and dressing rooms and shrubbery, and the constant soft music of singing birds. And here they had a delightful time.

Mrs. Cardell, the hostess on one of these occasions, is reckoned one of the best swimmers among the matrons of the south, perfect in a number of strokes and mistress of the crawl.



# THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

SUMMER outings and the vacation period will soon be over and with the opening of the schools a large number of Los Angeles will be returning to their homes in the city. Before this country came into the present turmoil and war struggle, society entertained in a lavish way. While social courtesies will still be bestowed upon the visitor within our gates and the charmingly smart little affairs will be extended our brides-elect, the entertainments this coming season will be more simple than ever, because of war conditions. Many of our young matrons and maids are giving largely of their time to Red Cross and other war relief work, so that many entertainments will be given under the auspices of these various organizations, all with a beneficial view. This, however, does not mean that these events will be less attractive, quite the contrary, each and every one will be made so enticingly gay and festive, that one's purse will be readily opened and generosity manifested in Los Angeles' usual magnificent way. So there is to be no dearth of pleasures, but society will find their greater pleasure in the affairs, from which will be derived a momentary benefit for war relief and the carrying out of projects already under way. While September will bring many wanderers home and even though some may tarry a bit longer, there is one whose going away will mean much to her friends in Los Angeles and society generally, Mrs. John Percival Jones, who is planning to leave Los Angeles this month and make her home for a time in New York City. There is no one in the exclusive social set of Los Angeles that would be more missed than Mrs. Jones, but she is bound to California by many ties and it is sincerely hoped that her stay in the East will not be for long. Mrs. Martha Nelson McCan, who formerly resided in this city, and is pleasantly remembered, it is planned will return to Los Angeles some time the latter part of this month. Mrs. McCan has been engaged in war work for many months and more recently has been speaking under the auspices of the National Council of Defense on Women's War Work in England.

Another engagement recently announced, which is of interest to society in Los Angeles as well as Chicago, was that if Miss Elinor Drane, daughter of Mrs. Charles Lewis Drane, of Chicago and Los Angeles, to Lieutenant Edmund Andreas Kruss, who is now in Washington. Lieutenant Kruss is an Australian, coming to this country a few years ago, making his home in New York. The romance of Miss Drane and Lieutenant Kruss had its inception at San Diego during the time the young officer was head instructor at North Island, a few months ago. Lieutenant Kruss, who is now in Washington, expects to leave soon for Italy on a special mission, which will keep him abroad for two or three months, studying aerial navigation by night and the latest methods in day and night bombing. The marriage will probably take place soon after his return to America. The bride-elect is a girl with unusual charm and beauty and with her mother is making her home at the Rex Arms.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrish Jeffries, of 976

Arapahoe street, with their children are passing the summer at their country home near Monrovia. Mrs. Jeffries recently entertained with a luncheon complimenting her father and mother, Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell of 1000 Arapahoe street. Other guests included Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. E. F. Spence, Mrs. Clarence Hall, Mrs. Eli P. Clark, Mrs. Sarah Jeffries, Mrs. Charles Prager, Mrs. Earl Millar and Miss Kate Spence. Mrs. Hubbell is just recovering from the ill-effect of a badly-sprained ankle.

Mr. Robert Wankowski, who for sixteen years was Brigadier-General of the National Guards of California, and more recently held the position of sugar administrator, has been commissioned a cap-

joyed a stay of a fortnight. Mrs. Vernon Goodwin, who with her two children, Vernon, Jr., and Barbara, have returned from Coronado where they have been for the past two or three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Haskins, of Orchard avenue, have returned home, concluding an enjoyable visit and trip throughout the East. They visited in New York, Washington and other prominent cities of the East. Mrs. Haskins visited her former school friend, Mrs. Templeton of Wheaton, Illinois, during her eastern trip. Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes and Dr. and Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst have returned home from a motor trip through the Yosemite. Miss Gwendolin Laughlin, who has been passing the summer in New York, is expected to return

home soon. En route she will visit friends in Buffalo. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Schneider and their charming daughters, Miss Marguerita, Rowena, and Camille, have concluded a delightful visit at Catalina and are again established in their home, 515 Andrews boulevard. Mrs. W. H. Anderson and daughter, Miss Eleanor, of Victoria Park, have returned from an outing at Mt. Wilson. Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. McConnell of 2218 West Eighth street, have returned from a month's touring of the Northern part of California. Mrs. St. Clair Creighton and Miss Audrey Creighton, who visited for a month at Coronado, have returned from a brief sojourn at Catalina. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Lewis are again in their home at 2311 Juliet street, after a fortnight passed at Venice. Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark, have been in Montana since early in the summer, have returned to their home in West Adams street. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jevne have returned from a brief visit at Catalina. Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Hoag have returned from Big Bear, where they recently enjoyed a camping trip. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Chamberlin, who were accompanied on a motor trip to Santa Barbara by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chamberlin are again in their home on Fourth avenue.

A interesting bit of news which comes as a surprise is the announcement of the marriage of Lieutenant Phillip Clinton Sterry, son of Mrs. Clinton N. Sterry, of 2632 Ellendale Place, and the late Judge Sterry, to Miss Alice Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, of Palo Alto. The marriage took place at

the home of the bride's parents, last Saturday, August 31, with only relatives witnessing the ceremony. Lieutenant Sterry, who is only twenty-three years of age, entered the first Officers' Training camp at the Presidio, receiving his commission within a fortnight or so later. At the time of his entering the training camp he was in his senior year at the University of Southern California, studying law. Shortly after going to the Presidio, he was notified of his admittance to the bar. His bride is a charming Southern girl barely out of her teens. She is a Stanford girl and popular with the younger set of Palo Alto. The wedding is the culmination of a romance which began several months ago. Lieutenant Sterry has a ten-day leave of absence and he and his bride will motor down to Los Angeles to visit the young officer's family, later returning to Palo Alto, where they will make their home until Lieutenant Sterry,



Hoover Studio

MISS GWENDOLYN LONGYEAR

WINSOME DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. W. D. LONGYEAR, OF LOS ANGELES.

MISS LONGYEAR IS ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE MEMBERS OF THE SUB-DEB SET IN THE SOUTHLAND

tain in the United States army and left last Tuesday, August 27, for Camp Meade, Maryland. Captain Wankowski has been assigned to war service in the Adjutant-General's department and will take up his duties at once. Mrs. Wankowski plans to give up their home at 614 Oxford avenue and will leave Los Angeles about September 20th, to join her husband at Camp Meade. Before her marriage to Captain Wankowski, Mrs. Wankowski was a well known singer and for a number of years was the soloist with Sousa, besides doing other concert work. She plans to take up the work of camp entertaining, shortly upon her arrival in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden W. Skinner have returned to their home, 1853 Buckingham Road, La Fayette Square, after a delightful sojourn at Long Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan have returned from Hotel del Coronado, where they en-



who is in the Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., stationed at Camp Fremont, is ordered overseas. Lieutenant Sterry is the brother of Miss Ruth Sterry of the Herald, and one of the best known writers of the West; Miss Nora Sterry, one of Los Angeles' best known educators, and Mr. Norman Sterry, prominent attorney and a member of the law firm of Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher.

Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Freeman and their attractive daughter, Miss Marjorie Freeman, who have been passing a few weeks at Long Beach, are again in their home, 2777 Francis street. Mr. and Mrs. Morris Albee, who also have been whiling away a few weeks at Long Beach, have returned to their home in the city. Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bryan and their little grand-daughter, as well as Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Vickery, have decided to tarry a bit longer at this beach resort. Mrs. Robert McReynolds and her two children, Alice and Robert, Jr., have returned to their home in Berkeley Square after an enjoyable month passed at Catalina. During their stay at the St. Catherine Hotel, Dr. McReynolds joined them for the week-ends. Mr. and Mrs. Melville G. Eshman and their daughter, Miss Caroline Eshman, find Catalina most alluring for a vacation trip. Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Lord are passing a fortnight at this popular resort.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George C. Kull, whose marriage a few weeks ago was one of the events of the season, have returned from their honeymoon and have gone to Coronado to remain until Lieutenant Kull is ordered overseas.

Miss Mildred Dake, of Pasadena, entertained a few days ago at a charmingly appointed buffet luncheon, at which time the engagement of her brother, Mr. Benjamin Franklin Dake, to Miss Martha Fleming, formerly of Memphis, Tenn., was announced. Miss Fleming, who is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Fleming, prominent residents of Tennessee, has passed much of her time during the past two or three years in Los Angeles and Pasadena. Mr. Dake is the son of the late Dr. Dake and Mrs. Dake of Pasadena. No date has been set as yet for the wedding. Miss Dake was assisted in receiving her guests by her sister, Mrs. J. B. Vaile, Mrs. Myron F. Nelson, Miss Martha Durand and Miss Naomi Berier.

Mrs. A. C. Bilicke, owner of the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles, is at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. Mrs. Bilicke is accompanied by her two daughters and two sons. Bishop W. H. Moreland of Sacramento is also a guest at the St. Francis. C. H. Wolfelt, shoe and boot merchant of Los Angeles; W. J. Wallace, capitalist of Los Angeles, are also registered at this popular San Francisco hostelry.

#### RED CROSS SHOP ACTIVITIES

(Continued From Page 13)

"feature" Fridays by Frieda Peycke and Nell Lockwood. These two Los Angeles favorites managed to keep the tea room crowded until nearly dinner time, when the patrons were unwilling to leave. One of the many charming "nuisances" of the shop is, to present the guest of honor with the shop in-

signia. This is usually done with a little speech "around the tea table," and is always a great surprise to the honored one.

This insignia will be adopted by many Red Cross shops throughout the country, and orders are coming in faster than can be filled. The little red cross with the Gold Eagle spreading its protecting wings over it, has become a much cherished "gem" worn on a simple ribbon over the uniform.

#### OPEN AIR SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

UNIQUE and interesting is the open air school of Miss Grace Fulmer, at 1550 West Adams street, now entering upon its second year.

Most of the work of this school, which embraces kindergarten and elementary grades, is done out of doors, under pine, cedar and pepper trees. There are, however, large, well-lighted rooms to be used in inclement weather.

The school aims to give individual attention to every boy and girl, and at the same time to stimulate and encourage both work and play in co-operation with other children, that each one may learn to make such necessary social adjustments as will fit him to be a more valuable member of society, now and in the future.

Each child who enters the school will be placed in the grade which will best stimulate his interest and growing power. Age is not a determining factor in grading, but is considered with other things. A child who is capable of working in advance of his grade in any one or more subjects will be encouraged to do so.

In this school the hearty co-operation of the parents is always invited.



#### Thoughtful Parents, the BENEFITS OF Military Training and Discipline

are now universally recognized. Place your boy in a school which is not only of first rank in military lines, but is at the top along the scholastic standards and unsurpassed in its influences for Christian character training. For college preparatory grades, for preparation for West Point or Annapolis, write San Diego Army and Navy Academy, Pacific Beach, Cal. S. W. Peterson, Headmaster. For younger boys select the best-equipped, the most beautifully located school in California.

Pasadena Army and Navy Academy, Pasadena. Chas. M. Wood, Headmaster. Phone 39491 or Fair Oaks 300. Write for catalogs. Capt. Thos. A. Davis, Pres., Pacific Beach, Cal.



## The Great White Store Is Vibrant With Mystery

—Necromancers are busily weaving the spell of fashion. Mysterious figures in shadowy recesses work strange magic. September 12th and 13th the—

## Pageant of Fashion

—Will be held at Hamburger's. Then the tall columns will blossom—the windows reveal an Enchanted Land of Beauty—the Fair of Fashion on the Main and Second Floors hum with delighted crowds of visitors.

—There are surprises in store that we may not even *whisper* now!

## Authoritative Styles of Autumn

—Many women are choosing Autumn modes now from Hamburger's. Patriotic fetes, war service work, fall fashion openings will find them prepared. The distinctive hat—the gown or dress that captures Miladi's fancy now has the dew of the new season on it!



## Los Angeles' United Fall Fashion Show—September 12th and 13th, 1918

Hamburger's  
ESTABLISHED 1881



# PLAYS AND PLAYERS

**T**HERE are a few weak spots in "Little Miss Brown," as produced at the Morosco Theater last week, but altogether this farce is a good one, and the Morosco players handled it very well. Good-sized audiences throughout the week attested to the appreciation the people of Los Angeles have for good up-to-date farces.

Also the presentation of "Little Miss Brown" gave us the first opportunity of seeing Molly McIntyre, the new leading lady at Morosco's, who has taken the place of Bertha Mann. I suspect that the Morosco producing end selected this certain farce for the first appearance here of Miss McIntyre because the part of Little Miss Brown is entirely suited to Miss McIntyre. Surely she was just about perfection in the part. But because she fitted this part so well, we are now unable to say how well she is going to do in other parts to come later.

Playing the innocent little girl who, through a series of most extraordinary circumstances, finds herself in some perfectly awful predicaments but always finds her way out, when it seems that she is about to be overcome, Miss McIntyre was very natural and very pleasing. But it seemed to me, all the while, that she was so well fitted in personality, in voice, and in method of acting, for the very part she was playing that when it comes to some other part, in some other play, that is different, she will lack something. But what's the use of prognosticating anything like that? Miss McIntyre may be as versatile as Bertha Mann, or as Richard Dix, for that matter.

Speaking of Richard Dix, he was good in "Little Miss Brown," as the day clerk and house detective of the Hotel Wendell. He gave a very fine conception of the house detective in a small hotel. But Joseph Eggenton was not well cast, and unlike himself, didn't do very well. Marian Vantine did a good piece of work as Mrs. Dennison, and Florence Oberle did about as well as Eulalia Burke. In fact, all of the well-known Morosco players were good.

This week "A Perfect Day," by Frank Mandel, who wrote "The High Cost of Loving," is being seen at the Morosco. It is a comedy, of course; a straight comedy, and Fred Butler is staging it with great care, because it is a new show, and the Morosco people are doing their best to make it go.

Whoever prepares the announcements for the programs at the Morosco ought to be kept in closer touch with the theater management and the producing end of the Morosco organization, to the end that the programs will have more definite facts in regard to the coming attractions. It is impossible, at the time of going to press with THE GRAPHIC, to tell the date of the opening of "A Perfect Day," but I imagine it will be on Sunday, September 1, which is today.

Morosco is now launching his many enterprises for the coming Eastern season. "One of Us," which had its premiere here, will be presented in New York with Bertha Mann. "Watch Your Neighbor," another local Morosco hit, will also go into a New York theater, while two "Bird of Paradise" companies will tour the country. "So Long Letty," the eternal musical comedy, will again make people laugh, with Charlotte Greenwood repeating her antics. A new Hatton play, "The Walk Offs," will also be produced. "Lombardi, Ltd." with Leo Carillo, opened in Chicago last week.

**T**HE Orpheum was pretty full of music last week, but a good bill, nevertheless. Tina Lerner, pianist, remained, and again pleased mightily with her playing. Harris and Manion, in "Uncle Jerry at the Opera," was another touch of the old-time vaudeville, and made a hit. Ernestine Gordon and Eleanore Kern, the California Duo, also was a pleasing turn. But the

real hit of all was the United States Submarine Base Orchestra. Dooley and Nelson, the Six Cylinder Comedians, gave some more of the old-time vaudeville stuff, and it was good, too, just like Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows. I think, after all, that I like this sort of vaudeville about the best of any, and I believe the ordinary vaudeville fan does the same.

Ralph Herz, the famous musical comedy and vaudeville star, will make his reappearance at the Orpheum after an absence of more than four years. He is in a class by himself and has never been successfully imitated. No star that has appeared at the Orpheum has made a greater or more favorable impression than he has, and his recital of "The Shooting of Dan Magrue" is one of the greatest triumphs in the history of vaudeville. His name in itself is a guarantee that the programme he will present will be thoroughly enjoyable and command the unanimous approval of his audience. His popularity in this city is enormous and it can safely be predicted that his reception will be enthusiastic.



CECIL CUNNINGHAM  
WHO IS SINGING AT THE ORPHEUM THIS WEEK

Cecil Cunningham, the comedienne extraordinary, who is well and favorably remembered by Orpheum patrons, will present four descriptive numbers, each of which is a gem. Jean Havez, who specializes in good songs, has provided Miss Cunningham with her present repertoire. The lyrics are all clever and there is a pleasing swing to the music. Miss Cunningham, who prior to her appearance in vaudeville, was prima donna of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera company, never fails to score heavily and is certainly one of the brightest stars in the vaudeville firmament.

Billie Burke will present his latest novelty, "Levitation," with Professor J. Edmund Magee. Like his previous effort, "Tango Shoes," "Levitation" is a travesty with scientific possibilities delightfully ridiculous. Professor Magee travesties the supposed supernatural powers of the hypnotist and the result is the funniest act Billie Burke has yet produced.

Ray Fern and Marion Davis are two clever dancers who possess a delightful sense of humor and sing pleasingly. In their "Nightmare Revue" they have a sort of futuristic offering that is a whirlwind of everything. J. Warren Keane and Grace White are entertainers of quality. Miss White is a delightful pianist and Mr. Keane performs a number of new and clever card tricks, which he accompanies with

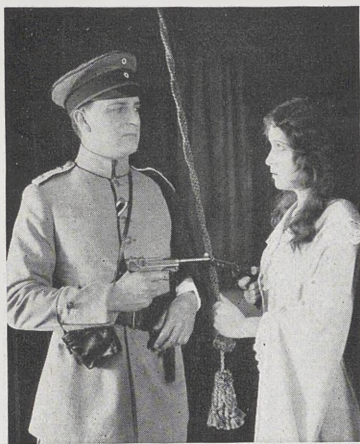
amusing patter. Carl Jorn, the famous tenor, returns after a fortnight's rest, to the delight of all. Harris and Manion in "Uncle Jerry at the Opera" and Ernestine Gordon and Eleanore Kern, the California Duo, are also included in the list of attractions.

With two headliners of the most likable sort, and a feature act of renown, the Orpheum confidently announces a bill for the week opening Monday matinee, September 2, that will be up to its best traditions and standards. And it means what it says. The toplineers are Ralph Herz and Cecil Cunningham. Mr. Herz has been here once before; he is famed both in vaudeville and in musical comedy for his unctious humor and his witty talk. With his budget of tale and song, he certainly fills a niche of his own, that is invaded by no one else. Mr. Herz has vibrated between the two fields and culled the best from both for his present brief tour, and his reappearance here is sure to be a time of sincere welcome.

Miss Cunningham, tall, lovely, with a gift for the wearing of stunning gowns and the gowns to wear, together with the pulchritude to justify both, is nevertheless making her appeal wholly on her ability. With a world of fine material supplied by Jean Havez, she comes to the fore as "the comedienne extraordinary" and she justifies the title by her work and her reception. Much may be expected of her, and she will rise to the occasion.



And Carl Jörn, the famed Metropolitan opera tenor, who was here a few weeks ago and created a furore, has consented to sing one more week here, beginning Monday.



BRYANT WASHBURN AND FLORENCE VIDOR  
IN CECIL B. DE MILLE'S "TILL I COME BACK TO YOU"

CECIL B. de Mille has again scored a masterly success in his "Till I Come Back to You" which is being given at the Kinema Theater this week. The play is not of the "battle" variety, for it deals with a triple love theme—love of country, love of children and the love of a man and a woman. A young American officer volunteers to cross the enemy lines, disguised as a Hun captain and makes his headquarters in a home behind the lines. There he falls in love with the wife of a Prussian colonel, thus placing him in a position of struggling between love and duty. Also he had to buck up against the problem of sixty-five little Belgian tots, but his disguise kept him without the pale.

This picture is probably Cecil de Mille's most unusual film portrayal for it surpasses "Old Wives For New" or "We Can't Have Everything," and even with the apparent war aspect of "Till I Come Back To You" the comedy and light relief is positively amazing.

The added attractions at the Kinema this week include the big 20-piece orchestra with Dr. Kingsley directing, the Pathe News, the Shenanigan Kids and a brand new Smiling Billy Parsons comedy called the "Widow's Might."

## SOCIAL CALENDAR

(Continued from page 3)

BARRETT—PHIPPS. Mrs. Margaret Barrett, and Mr. Joseph W. Phipps. Mrs. Barrett was formerly a resident of Missouri, and Mr. Phipps formerly lived in Maine.

FALK—GAY. Miss Nona Falk, of Houston, Texas, and Mr. Robert Gay, instructor at the aviation school at Berkeley. The marriage was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rosea, at Santa Ana. The couple will make their home at Berkeley.

SNOW—PATTON. Miss Annis C. Snow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Snow, of Santa Ana, and Mr. Randolph Patton, of Orange. The wedding was solemnized at the First Methodist Church in Santa Ana, with the Revs. Harcourt W. Peck and H. E. Murkett officiating.

FLEETWOOD—ORRILL. Miss Mignon Fleetwood, daughter of Mr. Thomas Fleetwood, of Tacoma, and Captain Adrian Orrill, of Los Angeles and

Camp Lewis. The marriage took place at Tacoma, Saturday afternoon, August 17, with Lieutenant Fisher, chaplain of the depot brigade, reading the service.

HARRIS—BROWN. Miss Ada Harris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Harris, of Pasadena, and Mr. Isidore Brown, son of Mr. Rosel Brown, of Los Angeles. Mr. Brown and his bride will enjoy an extended honeymoon at Santa Barbara, Del Monte and San Francisco, and after September 10 will be at home in Sacramento.

COVEY—KELLOGG. Miss Lucille Covey, of Seattle, and Mr. Stanford Kellogg, son of Dr. and Mrs. Francis Kellogg, of Highland avenue, Hollywood. The marriage took place in Seattle. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg will make their home in New Haven. The bride formerly resided in Hollywood.

McBURNY—SCHWARTZ. Miss Minnie McBurny and Mr. Frederick Nelson Schwartz. The wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride, 1772 Sycamore avenue, Hollywood, with the Rev. Marcus P. McClure, of the Presbyterian Church of Hollywood, officiating.

CARRIEL—BORG. Miss Madeline Carriel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace A. Carriel, of 1126 West Twentieth street, and Mr. Carl Otto Borg, also of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Borg will make their home here.

## BIRTHS

BRADY. Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Henry Grady over the arrival of a small son, which has been named Reginald del Valle. Mrs. Grady will be remembered as Miss Lucretia del Valle, and her home is in Washington, D. C.

MAIER. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maier, of Sixteenth and Figueroa street, are also the proud parents of a young son, who will be called Edward Richard Maier, after his father.

FREEMAN. Felicitations over the arrival of a small son is being extended Mr. and Mrs. William Augustus Freeman, of 5120 Hollywood boulevard.

HENSLEY. Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. W. N. Hensley are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a small son, at the Pasadena hospital. Lieut. Col. Hensley is commander at the balloon school at Arcadia.

WOOD. Congratulations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. James Wood, Jr., of Ocean Park, upon the arrival of a small son, which has been given the name of Thomas Carleton Wood.

BLUMENTHAL. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Blumenthal of Seattle, formerly of Los Angeles, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a wee daughter. The little miss has been given the name of Carolyn Helen.

## PAINLESS PLASTER PULLERS

Wild and disheveled, watery of eye, and trembling of limb, he burst into the dentist's consulting-room, and addressed the molar merchant in gasping tones:

"Do you give gas here?"

"Yes," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a man to sleep?"

"Of course."

"Nothing would wake him?"

"Nothing. But—"

"Wait a bit; you could break his jaw or black his eye without him feeling it?"

"My dear sir, of course, I—"

"It lasts about half a minute, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

With a wild whoop of joy and relief the excited man threw off his coat and waistcoat.

"Now," he yelled, as he tugged at his shirt, "get yer gas-engine ready. I want you to pull a porous-plaster off my back."—Tit-Bits.

## New Fall Blouses

A splendid line of new blouses, simple or dressy, many that are simply tucked—emphasizing the correct plain styles for the season—and others that are very smart in new necks and collars, made of Georgettes, Chiffons and Charmeuse.



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# CONCERNING YOUR AUTOMOBILE

By H. M. BUNCE

"SAVE a freight car for Uncle Sam," is a slogan which appeals to the motor truck the country over. Why not a similar slogan for the passenger automobile—"Save a day coach for Uncle Sam"? Keep your car in such shape that it is at all times ready to give the highest efficiency as a passenger carrier, so that the heavy burden of passenger haulage may be taken from the railroads as much as possible. This will leave the transportation lines in better shape to handle commercial freight and war material. If you keep your car running with this object in view the effort is a patriotic one.

THE order of the War Industries Board that there must be beginning January 1 another important reduction in the number of passenger cars manufactured has evidently given some of the automobile dealers a case of the blues. But such a condition will not put a better face on the situation. The proposed reduction will not last for ever and it's dollars to doughnuts that the steel market will soon be in a much better condition and that increased production will automatically be authorized. Our capacity for production is so great that when a conservation order is put into effect, over-production of the article affected results and the embargo is necessarily lifted. The law of supply and demand brings that about. There will be a demand for cars—don't let that worry us—and if people cannot secure what they want in the way of new ones, they'll buy used cars. Old ones will be resurrected and rebuilt if necessary, and it may be that early vintages will bring nifty prices and profits and be very much the thing if the war lasts long enough to bring about such a condition. But it won't.

IT would be part of wisdom, it is believed, for the manufacturer not to pass along to the buyer all of the 10 per cent tax on the sales of motor cars. The 3 per cent tax evidently worked all right, but taken together with the excise tax on the use of automobiles, the new scale will be something of a burden to many. It will deter many a prospective buyer from becoming a car owner if he has all the tax to pay. Even if production is considerably curtailed after January 1, the manufacturer would do well to bear some of the tax burden. His profits which accrue from the manufacture of war material for the government is ample and sure. A fifty-fifty proposition would be fair because the prospective customer undoubtedly has troubles of his own also.

DISPATCHES from the front tell of limousines that are used by generals and other staff officers in the prosecution of the war. Limousines were usually considered to be vehicles of luxury and only for those who could afford to buy them—and for baby dolls. They were supposed to be town cars and many have classed them as non-essential. But now we view these

vehicles from a different angle. They are driven over all manner of roads and probably over country where there are no roads. Generals direct the movements of their forces from them, use them temporarily as offices, dining rooms and sleeping apartments when there is nothing more convenient at hand. Verily, the town car seems to have come into its own. And it may be that after the terrible strife has ended that enterprising manufacturers will have on exhibition cars that have been over there and that they will expatiate upon the sturdiness of construction that made it possible for these vehicles to withstand the unusual usage they were put to.



MINARET SUMMIT, ELEVATION 9700 FEET, SHOWING REMAINS OF WINTER'S SNOWS



AUTOMOBILE PARTY CAMPING NEAR MAMMOTH



LAKE TENAGA, ON THE TIOGA ROAD

not give money or time to secure the toga. There are those who say he is the kind of man that is needed in the senate while again there are those who declare if a place is not worth fighting for it is not worth having. In all likelihood political job seekers and "workers" are very much against Henry.

## CAN YOU GUESS THE MAKE?

By H. S. OSBORNE

Some grease and lubricating oil and gas,

A lot of tin, some wood and steel,  
A what is called a steering wheel  
Set up behind a piece of glass.  
The whole contrivance runs around  
Upon four rubber doughnut feet,  
And as it goes along the street  
It makes a queer- distinctive sound.

Four feet it has, each with a shoe,  
But, quite unlike a horse, it takes  
An extra one—in case it breaks;  
It often even carries two.  
And frequently, as you or I  
Get thirsty, it requires a drink;  
The queerest thing though is, I think,  
It ought to drink before it's dry.

It's called a car—but doesn't look  
Like anything they use in trains;  
And if the sun's hot or it rains  
The roof is opened like a book.  
The neighbors laugh, with one accord  
They all refuse the proffered rides;  
They say—well, I don't care, besides  
It's quite the best I can afford.

## LIGHTNING CALCULATOR

One day, as Pat halted at the top of the river-bank, a man famous for his inquisitive mind stopped and asked:

"How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?"

"Tin yars, sor."

"Ah, how many loads do you take in a day?"

"From tin to fifteen, sor."

"Ah, yes! Now I have a problem for you. How much water at this rate have you hauled in all?"

The driver of the watering-cart jerked his thumb backward toward the river and replied:

"All the water yez don't see there now, sor."—Chicago Herald.

## WANTED—HELPFUL PRAYER

Just before the conclusion of the weekly prayer-meeting in a country town one evening the parson arose and glanced over the congregation.

"Is there anybody present," said he, "who wishes the prayers of the congregation for a relative or friend?"

"Yes, parson," answered a tall, angular woman, rising to her feet. I want the congregation to pray for my husband."

"Why, Sister Martha," exclaimed the parson with a surprised expression, "you have no husband!"

"I know I haven't," was the calm rejoinder of Sister Martha. "I want all hands to pitch in and help me pray for one."—Dayton News.

THE new draft law will affect automobile row as well as other Los Angeles industries, but you cannot find one, it is believed, who is not willing and glad to do whatever Uncle Sam wants he should. A number, it is reported, when the measure was first talked of, prepared to arrange their affairs so they might be in readiness for the call.

MICHIGAN is almost rent in twain—that is politically—over Henry Ford's candidacy for senator on the Republican and Democratic tickets at the coming primaries. Ford is willing to make the "sacrifice" involved in becoming a United States senator but will



## SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

*"Literature and life are so absolutely interpenetrated that they can only be regarded in the light of a series of cause and effect, each reacting upon the other in determining influence. By the magic of some spiritual alchemy, reading is transmuted into the qualities that build up character, and these qualities, in turn, determine the further choice of books, so that selection and result perpetuate themselves, forming an unceasing contribution to social influence."*

“Then stooped the Lord, and He called  
the good sea up to Him,  
And ’stablished his borders unto all  
Eternity,  
That such as have no pleasure  
For to praise the Lord by measure,  
They may enter unto galleous and  
serve Him on the sea.”

HAVING attained only to the tender age of 12 when he escaped from the home roof and ran away to sea, the famous youth, light Gunner Depew was probably not familiar with Kipling's incomparable sea verse, he may not *read* it even yet, but when he talks of the sea and the life thereon one is certain that he fits exactly in one of Mr. Kipling's heavens.

No one has ever understood those who "desire the sea" as does the illustrious Rudyard and I question if ever sailor lad loved the boundless ocean as does this same Gunner Depew.

Born in the United States though of French parents, just 24 years ago, he has spent more than half his short life sailing the Main and fighting with unusual skill and undaunted courage for his country.

Early in 1914, having been four years in the American navy, he went to France, enlisted with the Foreign Legion and went forward to battle against the Hun, and the story is of his experiences from that time until his return to America a little more than a year ago with a story so big, so thrilling and so unique that it will go far to wake up America.

He is one of the few Americans who has lived to come back to tell us of the wretchedness and misery of the German prison camps, especially the most infamous of them all, Brandenburg, "the hell-hole of Germany," where he suffered three months of starvation and torture and in all probability would have met his death had it not been for the timely intervention of Ambassador Gerard to whom he owes his liberty.

Mr. Depew was gunner on the French battleship "Cassard," fought the Turks at the Dardanelles, wallowed in the trenches of Gallipoli, won the Croix de Guerre and finally returned to his native heath bearing the scars of a half dozen still unhealed wounds and the devastating effects of starvation and cruelty. So earnest was he, however, in his conviction that he had a message for the people of America that very soon after his partial recovery he wrote a book entitled "Gunner Depew," a

wonderful, simple narrative of what he had seen, heard, accomplished and suffered; a story so direct in appeal, so filled with the mud-filled trenches, the real horrors of prison camps, the almost incredible cruelty of the deadly Hun that it cannot but do much to bring realization to the minds and hearts of the reading world, and impress more fully upon the people the duty which we owe to the boys who are fighting the world's battle.

He tells of his companions saying to him at the time of his escape, "Albert, if you have the God-given luck to get out of Germany—not for my sake, but



ALBERT DEPEW  
AUTHOR OF "GUNNER DEPEW"

for the sake of us who are here in this hell hole—promise me you will tell all and not meat—just bread, bread, bread—”

For the past few months Gunner Dewey has been delivering a series of lectures throughout the important cities and towns of our country under patriotic auspices, and his recital is one which is listened to with eagerness and remembered with profit. "One listens to it perhaps with clenched fists for it will stir every drop of fighting blood in one's veins." He is a straightforward simple talker but his dramatic ability, and absolute conviction of manner render him one of the most impressive war speakers on the lecture platform.

Albert Depew is only a lad in years, irresponsible fashion of the Greek  
a naive, simple, wholesome boy with a rhapsodists: "There is a God. . . Bet-

cause of having fought, bled and al-  
the people wherever you go what they  
are doing to us here. Tell them not to  
send money, for we can't eat money,  
most died for his country, with a cour-  
age and cheerful spirit seldom seen in  
the man, be he soldier or sailor this  
same Albert Depew may without reser-  
vation be styled—A Hero. Reilly &  
Britton, Chicago.

The philosophical spirit is often forced to pause and wonder if the face of the average human being is such a document of woe, if life is universally such a burden of weariness, and if the path to the alegorical gateway is bor-

ter to sing than to sigh . . . there is a lighthouse in a waste and wintry world (superb alliteration, mark you) . . . when your shoulders droop with a weary stoop, go for a walk!" Hurrah! then the weary auditors pluck their hems, gird loins, with eyes flashing a new consecration they go forth, they struggle, they conquer. They are the people!

This kind of cheerfulness should be purged by the reading of *Candide* (Voltaire had evidently met the literary forebearer of Mr. McCarthy). The invalid Stevenson wrote *Ordered South*, the cripple Henley yet stirs us with his *Invictus*; but their optimism is done with art, they permit themselves no lunacies; they wrote on the parchment of their soul: "When your shoulders droop with a weary stoop, go for a walk," but, gentle reader, for the love of literature, do not take with you a copy of "Songs of Sunrise. Little, Brown and Company, New York.

Rather a picturesque tale than a novel, "*The Man Who Lost Himself*" has that which is lacking in the majority of light fiction—interest. He is a dull reader indeed who can shelve it until he has read the last page.

The hero, Victor Jones, American, awakens in a strange and luxurious bed, metamorphosed to the Earl of Rochester, a mad English prodigal. His natural integrity (he hails from Philadelphia) resents this anomalous situation, but he is forced to assume temporarily the burden of that gentleman's sharp practices.

A story of twin images, of nature's doubles, was old before the Comedy of Errors, for Shakespeare borrowed the notion from the Menechmi of Plautus. But it is to the Woman in White by Wilkie Collins that Mr. Stagpoole is most indebted; even the situation in the lunatic asylum is used, with humorous variations.

After the suicide of the true Rochester, no one will believe the story of Jones; he has really lost himself. Then he wins back a million sterling, cleanses the temple of his former companions, is kidnapped to an asylum by his family, escapes—but the best of all is how he prevents a Russian adventurer from eloping with his double's wife. The last of the book smells to heaven of melodrama, and in no part is there any attempt at characterization or problem-analysis; but it is an amusing story, one to be read after putting by Henry James, for then you will dream romance rather than nightmare. The John Lane Company, New York.

"Word a-Day Warriors" written and illustrated by Joseph Lee, 2nd Lieutenant King's Royal Rifles, of the British Army, is a collection of verse on and of war and more war in its varied phases. Much of it is worth-while in motif, some excellent verse a little of it even poetry.

He writes with understanding and feeling and undoubtedly his readers, particularly those in his own world of brave endeavor, will find a real mes-

(Continued on Page 25)



# Leading Resorts and Hotels

**THE HOTELS AND HEALTH RESORTS OF CALIFORNIA** ought to be very popular this year on account of traffic conditions. You should acquaint yourself with the beautiful spots in this beautiful state. If you intend visiting any of these resorts this summer you should make your reservations in advance. We can make these reservations promptly and efficiently. Service gratis.

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W. Johnson Quinn,

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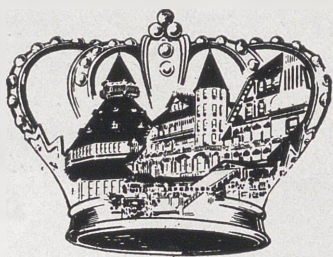
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JOHN J. HERNAN, Manager  
CORONADO BEACH, CALIFORNIA

### CORONADO NOTES

By JUANA NEAL LEVY

THE favorite sport at Hotel del Coronado this summer is aquaplaning and motor launch parties, the wonderful moonlight nights being a strong magnet for cruising about the bay and harbor, with ukulele, banjo or mandolin for accompaniment to the popular songs.

The "Glorietta" is in constant demand almost every day carrying a gay party aboard, luncheon and supper being served, or if not the guests returning for supper in the Grill at the hotel.

Among the merry parties given this season have been those with which Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Fellows, of Los Angeles, have entertained aboard their beautiful yacht the "Virginia B," which is anchored in the bay. Friday morning their guests included Mr. and Mrs. William G. Hutchison, Mr. and Mrs. William Mead, and Mrs. Lucille Jane-way Monnette.

A large colony of Los Angeles society folk have been domiciled at Hotel del Coronado this summer among those who motored down Friday afternoon, August 23, being Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mott (Leila Fairchilds) and their most adorable little daughter Barbara.

Mrs. Mott and Barbara will remain for several weeks, but Mr. Mott motored back to Los Angeles Sunday morning, and is planning to return for the week ends while his family remains at Coronado. Mr. Godfrey Holterhoff also motored down on Saturday returning to Los Angeles Monday morning. Mrs. Holterhoff is at Lake Tahoe for several weeks accompanied by Mrs. Eleanor Strohman Macauley, motoring North Wednesday.

Mr. Arthur Letts motored down to Hotel del Coronado Friday afternoon for several weeks outing, being accompanied by his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McNaughten.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Kilner, of Hollywood, and their daughter Marjorie, and Mrs. Kilner's sister, Miss Jessie Andrews, are enjoying an indefinite stay at the favorite watering place.

Mrs. J. C. Kays, who with her two attractive daughters, Miss Cecelia Kays and Miss Florence Kays, have been at Hotel del Coronado for the past two months, returned to their home in Manhattan Place Monday afternoon, motoring back. Friday evening J. Walter Kays surprised his mother and sisters by dropping in unexpectedly for a brief visit.

Mrs. Robert Gilpin Ervin, wife of Captain Ervin, U. S. A., Aviation Corps, has returned to Hotel del Coronado after a two weeks' visit with friends, passing several days at Pasadena where she was the guest of Mrs. Ruth V. Parsons and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Whiteside, who later motored North with her, to Santa Barbara, where Mrs. Ervin visited Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy at her beautiful home there.

Miss Byna Kinsley, who visited for the week end at Hotel del Coronado, as the guest of Miss Florence Kays, and Miss Gertrude Grant, was the guest of

honor at a dinner party Saturday evening, the covers being arranged for Miss Kinsley, Miss Grant, Miss Kays, Lieutenant Fabian Smith, Alyn Beauchamp and Mr. Wheeler Chase. Later the guests enjoyed the week-end ball. Wednesday evening preceding the mid-week dance a merry party at dinner included Miss Florence Kays, Miss Gertrude Grant, Miss Gladys Carson, Lieutenant Edwards, Lieutenant McClellan, Lieutenant Whittier and Mr. Wheeler Chase.

Mr. John J. Hernan entertained with a charmingly arranged dinner party in the Grill at Hotel del Coronado Sunday evening, honoring Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Potter, and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Goodwin, of Los Angeles. Pink roses and sprays of maidenhair ferns adorned the center of the table. Mr. Potter is the owner of the Van Nuys Hotel and Mr. Goodwin is vice-president and managing director of the Alexandria Hotel Company of Los Angeles.

Mr. Goodwin motored down to Coronado last Friday for the week-end, Mrs. Goodwin and their two children, Vernon, Jr., and Barbara, returning home with him.

Miss Jane B. Humphreys, of Los Angeles, accompanied by Miss Rosario Dockweiler and Miss Mary Dockweiler, of Los Angeles, have been enjoying a most delightful visit at Hotel del Coronado for the past two weeks.

Other well-known Angelenos sojourning at the hotel include Mrs. William H. Dukeman and her attractive daughter, Miss Leona Dukeman; Mrs. Charles Richards, of West Adams street, and her daughter, Mrs. Warren Horton; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cerf and their two children, Helene and Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Louis G. Feagans, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Hodge, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Street, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Loy; Dr. J. B. McCoy, Judge Victor E. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Milton E. Getz, Henry S. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Klein, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Mansur, Mrs. Audra Gray, Mrs. William G. Roome, Miss Beatrice M. Roome, Miss Mildred F. Roome, Mr. and Mrs. Bertin A. Weyl, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lange, Mrs. R. H. Adams, Mrs. Georgia P. Bullock and Miss May D. Lahey.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Walter Mercer Brunswick, and Miss Lillian Van Dyke, motored down Saturday for the week end at Hotel del Coronado. Mr. Walter Brunswick has already arrived in France and Miss Inez Clark is also "somewhere" in France with Dr. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven's Base Hospital Unit, having qualified as Yeoman, acting as private secretary.

Douglas Campbell, the first American ace to return to this country after being victorious in bringing down seven German airmen, is at Hotel del Coronado, being stationed temporarily at Rockwell Field, North Island, on Special detail. Lieutenant Campbell, who is a native Californian, being the son of Dr. W. W. Campbell, professor at Lick Observatory, received his first training in the air service at Rockwell Field before going over to the other



side. He has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre and has a number of palms, only returning to this country after being wounded. He is planning to return to the field of action in the near future, being entirely recovered.

Mrs. Willard J. Doran, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Daniel Innes, and her niece, Louise Innis, is at Hotel del Coronado, arriving August 26, planning several weeks visit, Mr. Doran motoring down for the week-ends during their stay here.

### MILITARY COLONY AT U. S. GRANT HOTEL

THE constantly growing army, navy and aviation colony of the U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego, gave the popular hostelry a tone of added interest in the arrival of Colonel and Mrs. Earle W. Tanner. Colonel Tanner is the new commander of Camp Kearny, commanding the 81st Infantry, and his and Mrs. Tanner's move in sojourning at the U. S. Grant Hotel, gives the military colony of the southern city's hostelry promise of leading social and war relief activities.

Since the leaving of Mrs. Frederick S. Strong, wife of General Strong, commander of the 40th division, now reported in France, the military colony in San Diego has displayed a lack of initiative. The arrival of Colonel and Mrs. Tanner will stimulate interest and gives promise of the featuring of a series of affairs which should make San Diego's winter season a lively one.

War relief work is the leading feature on each day's program at the U. S. Grant Hotel, Southern California folk joining with prominent army, navy and aviation officers and men and their wives in doing their bit. That the coming months will be dotted with occasional social activities would seem to be indicated by Mrs. Tanner's expression to the effect that "all work and

no play makes Jack a dull boy," and that relaxation and entertainment will have the effect of stimulating interest in war time work as well as developing greater interest in the program by encouraging new residents and visitors to participate in the drives.

Among the many Angelenians who are enjoying the social and war time activities of the U. S. Grant Hotel and San Diego, are Mrs. G. A. Vedder and Miss Zora Anderson who have played such important parts in Pasadena's society life during the past seasons. Mrs. Vedder and Miss Anderson are conscientious war workers, giving nine hours a day of their time to the government in work at the hostess house at Camp Kearny and Balboa Park Naval Training Station. September 1st, Miss Anderson leaves the U. S. Grant to return to Pasadena to complete her Red Cross course so as to be ready for overseas service.

Dancing, aviation-teas, army-navy-aviation fetes and other war time social fetes are providing diversion and entertainment for several hundred Southern California folk at the U. S. Grant Hotel, among those participating in the hotel's daily program being, from Los Angeles, Miss Mary Jane Kendal, Miss A. Elmer, Mrs. H. E. Koons, Miss Irene R. Nichols, Mrs. D. A. Simmons, Miss Jessie D. Ball, Miss A. A. Peterson, Mrs. W. F. Bakewell, Mrs. S. E. Graves, Miss Nannette N. Vogel, Mrs. H. J. Lake, Mrs. James E. Nevins, Miss M. E. Alinger, Mrs. W. M. Rivers, Miss Lillian P. Rivers, Miss M. Marshall, Mrs. W. A. Heney, Miss N. McComb, Mrs. G. Pullen, Miss Joyce Burns, Mrs. A. F. Long, Mrs. J. E. McFarland, Mrs. C. H. Evans, Mrs. V. Stubbs, Mrs. J. Neeves, Mrs. Jessie Hutzel, Mrs. E. G. Turner, and Miss Marion Birdwell.

Motor parties from Pasadena to the U. S. Grant have been very numerous, among those leaving the Crown

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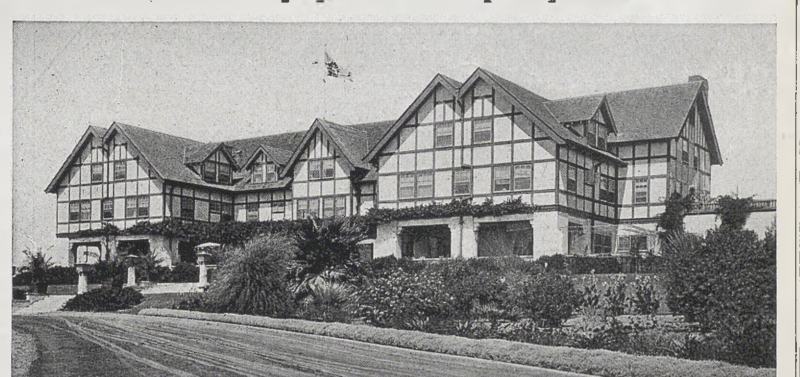


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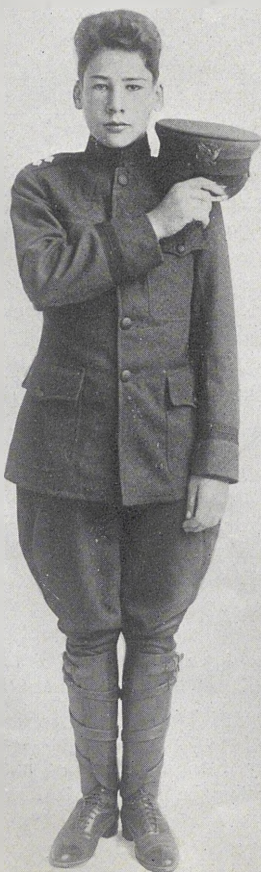
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City for San Diego being Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cohn, Mrs. A. M. McBirks, Miss Geraldine Betty Phillips, Mrs. A. R. Spivey, and Mrs. V. Stubbs. With army, navy, aviation and tourist folk finding in San Diego and the U. S. Grant Hotel opportunities for diversified and timely entertainment, the boulevards between Los Angeles and the southern city promise to prove even more popular than in the past, North Island's trick aviation school, Camp Kearny, navy aviation and Balboa Park Naval Training Station appealing to the militarist and lover of thrills, while Coronado, La Jolla, Ocean Beach and San Diego's mountain empire hold many an interest arouser.

## GOING AFTER FOREIGN BUSINESS

Merchants of the United States Must Acquaint Themselves With Customs and Conditions in Other Lands

THE first step in the after war work of reconstruction should be to teach and induce our people to export and invest in wealth producing foreign enterprises, their surplus savings which are not required by the industrial life of our country. Our mission is to become the connecting link, so to speak, between Eastern Asia, South America and Europe. Our first duty is, therefore, to acquaint the public more thoroughly with business conditions in the Far East and South America and in the European countries with which we expect to establish permanent trade relations.

In this connection, it should be remembered that the press,—newspapers and periodicals—is the most powerful instrument with which to influence public opinion. Our American press, which has always so patriotically responded to the exigencies of the moment and which has not shrunk from any sacrifice to help the just cause of the country, will be ready, we feel sure, to undertake an intelligent campaign in the economic interest of our country, in order to acquaint the public with foreign business conditions, mentality and customs.

With a few exceptions, our press is not yet equipped for an efficient foreign service. Not so long ago, perhaps only a few months before the fateful days of August, 1914, our news-sensational local news and relegated to an inside page or even completely ignored foreign political news, apt to influence the trend of international affairs. Even today only a few of our papers or news agencies have capable correspondents residing in countries outside of the immediate war zone, overlooking those countries whose economic interests are strongly bound to ours, as is the case, for instance, with China, Japan, Dutch East Indies, Australia, South and Central America, Spain, Sweden and Holland. Even today our magazines devote their exclusive attention to matters of everyday American life without making an effort to raise the interest of their readers in the life and customs of countries of whose inhabitants they should have a complete understanding. The internationalization of their novels has mostly taken place in their detective stories. The same could be said of moving pictures, theatres, and to a lesser degree, new books.

Throughout the country, our press, news agencies and other makers of public opinion should endeavor to interest their readers in every subject pertaining to Eastern Asia, South America and Western Europe. The psychological element is a great factor in directing public opinion into proper channels.

It is too obvious to point out that a small capitalist or a merchant kept posted on the political developments in China, for instance, by the reading of his daily paper and well informed on Chinese life and mentality, through books and magazines, is more likely to invest his savings in a Chinese enterprise or to enter into business relations with China, than the small capitalist or merchant for whom China is but a geographical expression.

Financial institutions, leading merchants and in some cases, government officials, should co-operate in every community to open Schools of Commerce, or at least to introduce in the existing schools the practical teaching of such subjects as foreign languages (especially French, Spanish and Russian), commercial geography and history, commercial law, economics, etc., the knowledge of which would make of commerce as much a career as any learned profession. Some of the leading financiers and merchants may even be induced to offer yearly to the honor men of such schools or courses, a traveling scholarship, which will enable the student to enter in direct contact with some foreign countries. Every inducement should be offered to foreigners to complete their education in American colleges. Direct contact between foreigners and Americans should be further established by American business interests, keeping permanently resident agents in foreign countries and vice versa.

Chambers of Commerce, private enterprises and commercial organizations should organize periodically in foreign countries, exhibitions of American products and in America exhibitions of foreign products. They should organize joint missions to visit, as it were, for a short period certain foreign countries and invite foreign missions to visit America, not so much with a given commercial plan in view, as to give an opportunity to American businessmen to enter in personal contact with foreigners and vice versa, so as to establish the spirit of durable fellowship.

In brief, the press, the financiers, the leading merchants and the different business organizations throughout the country should make a concerted effort to become better acquainted with Eastern Asia, South America and Western Europe, so as to impart their newly acquired knowledge to the American public at large. We must become cosmopolitan; a popular understanding of our overseas neighbors will pave the way towards securing business. We must make an effort to know them and to be known by them if we want them to be our future purveyors and customers. The educational campaign



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## RECENT BOOKS

(Continued from Page 21)

sage in his work, a particularly im-  
pressive poem is called "The British  
Death," which we quote below.

Here do we lie, dead but not discon-  
tent;  
That which we found to do has had  
accomplishment.

No more for us uprise or set of sun;  
The vigilant night, the desperate day  
is done.

To other hands we leave the avenging  
sword,  
To other tongues to speak the arousing  
word.

Here do we lie, dead but not discon-  
tent,  
That which we found to do has had  
accomplishment.

Forget us not, O Land for which we  
fell—  
May it go well with England, still go  
well.

Keep her bright banners without blot  
or stain,  
Lest we should dream that we had died  
in vain.

Brave be the days to come, when we  
Are but a wistful memory. . . .

Here do we lie, dead but not discon-  
tent,  
That which we found to do has had  
accomplishment.

F. P. Dutton & Co. New York.

**GREEN Fruit**, by John Peale Bish-  
op, is a book of verse which the  
publishers herald forth as one of both

## WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEIGH MORE?

If a **MAN** would you like to build a  
physique?

If a **WOMAN** would you like a plump,  
symmetrical figure?

**MAN or WOMAN** would you like to  
possess the bounding spirits and en-  
thusiasm of a child?

If you really knew that by a few  
weeks of rest, exercise and diet you  
might feel **WELL! SO WELL!** would  
you be interested, or would you rather  
drag along, weak, thin, half miser-  
able and wholly unattractive?

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I myself was an invalid for ten years.  
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increased, and with impend-  
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what will fur prices be next  
fall and winter?


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promise and performance, and they embellish this ultimatum with a lavish emblazonment of adjectives and superlatives. This is a pity, for Mr. Bishop's verse deserves to be considered seriously, not with a beating of the publisherian tom-tom, and the stock terms of adulation so shop-worn and so palpable. This book is a puzzling one. There are reminders of Henley, Dowson, Browning, Swinburne, and even our own humorist, James Whitcomb Riley, but there is something else. Mr. Bishop has variety, music, charm, and imagination. "Miss Ellen" is like a scent of old lavender. "Boudoir" is a lovely lyric, marred by the mis-use of the accenting of the word "exquisitely" in one line, and weakened by the lack of a syllable, or two syllables in the concluding line. Some negligible experiments in "goose libre" serve to show Mr. Bishop does not really "go in" for that sort of thing. If this is a first book, it shows talent and very excellent verse-making qualities. With the ripened fruit of experience and years of devotion to poetry, Mr. Bishop should write something to be heard above the din of contemporaneous verse. Sherman, Franch and Company.

"NATIONAL Miniatures," by "Tattler," is a series of gossip sketches concerning noted politicians in Washington—pen-portraits—and a number of figures outlined of more or less obscurity, who have drifted in and out of the Nation's Capital at odd times. Men like President Woodrow Wilson, Elihu Root, W. G. McAdoo and Julius Kahn,—men of the hour—are bracketed in with

"Fellers of the Mudsock tribe  
No use trying to describe,"

thus making the volume a sort of patchwork quilting of the interesting and the tedious. Generals, detectives, inventors, editors, judges, ministers, bankers, socialists, etc., are haled willy-nilly into its pages, and the result shows how large a book can be manufactured in the way of mere bulk, with a minimum of genuine attractiveness from a biographical standpoint. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

THE Willy-Nicky Correspondence, being the secret telegrams between the Czar and the Kaiser, by Herman Bernstein, with a foreword by Theodore Roosevelt, contains sixty-five telegrams secured from the archives of one Nick. Romanoff, once Emperor of Russia. They show how the crafty Prussian completely hoodwinked the weak and vacillating Czar. There is a good deal of "chops-and-tomato-sauce" under-current throughout the telegrams, polite little nothings handed back and forth, but for the most part they show "Willy" as the monkey who is using "Nicky" as the cat to pull his chestnuts from the fire. The Emperor was a past grand master of the art of cajolery and cunning, and he made a perfect puppet of the Czar for a long time. The Author's introduction and comments help along the interest of the book. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

"IN the Paths of the Wind," by Glenn Ward Dresbach, is a little collection of verse in which there are

some things of real merit. "A father to his dead son" is poignantly pathetic, and there is a sense of melody and music very often in the stanzas. It is a book of promise more than performance, but the work is encouragingly molded, and shows genuine lyric appreciation. Four Seas Co. Boston.

"A Cabinet of Jade," by David O'Neil, is another appearance in the endless procession of Whitmaniacal obscurities. It consists of prose lopped off in uneven lengths, said prose

being "untroubled by a spark." The title is an unmeaning and irrelevant as the alleged "poems," and might just as well have been "A bowl of mush and milk." The swarming locusts of vers libre have one thing in common—they buzz unceasingly, and absolutely to no purpose. The sole merit in this little volume is the brevity of the pieces, and this merit would have been emphasized into almost genius if the author had never written or printed them at all. "O poetry, poetry, what crimes are committed in thy name." The Four Seas Co. Boston.

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